

BOOK 3

THE SETTLING OF THE LOWER TOWN

Chapter 1

As the lumber mills began to produce, the Valley probably became the busiest place in the whole area. More and more people began coming in, and it became evident that more space was needed. The valley broadened out to the west, where there was about five or six hundred acres of usable land. So in 1865, it was decided to move the town to the lower country.

John Menzies Macfarlane, author of several hymns as well as a very accomplished musician, was also a surveyor. He was hired to come and survey the new townsite, which he did after the pattern of all the other Mormon towns. Because of the Santa Clara Creek making a pretty natural boundary on the north side of the valley he did not lay it out in accordance with the North Star, but put it on an angle. Due east is not at the head of main street, but it is almost where Gardner Peak, the sharp point that shoulders out the sky, to the north of the surveyed lines. Years later the cemetery was placed on the square with the rest of the world giving it a cornerwise look.

THE SNOWS

This same winter of 1865 another event took place which was to have a profound effect on the future history of the valley, as well as the rest of the world. The Snows had come to America in 1636 and settled in Massachusetts. Four generations later, Zerubbabel Snow, who had been a Captain in the Revolutionary War moved to West Chesterfield, New Hampshire and raised a large family. A man by the name of Farr also moved there. Four of Zerubbabel's children married four of the Farr man's children.

These four couples moved up the Connecticut River and settled in Vermont. Zerubbabel's son Levi, who was married to Lucina Streeter, also moved to Vermont. Here these Farr and Snow families were converted to the Mormon Church. Levi's son William and his brother Zerubbabel were the first members of their father's family to join. William converted and baptized his brother Erastus. These Snow and Farr families all crossed the plains and came to Salt Lake where Erastus came south and was head of the Dixie Mission, while the rest of his people remained in the vicinity of Salt Lake.

Before joining the Church, William had married Hannah Miles, who gave birth to four children. Two of them died while they were still living in Vermont. While they were living in Nauvoo, she had a fourth child, and she and the child both died, now leaving him with one small child to care for.

His mother took the child and cared for her until a year or so later he married a second time, this time to Lydia Leavitt, a sister to Dudley Leavitt, who became well known in Dixie years later. William was one of the first men to whom the Prophet Joseph told of the revelation concerning polygamy, so four years later William married a second wife, Sally Adams, who was a cousin to Lydia. Sally was a great-granddaughter of President John Adams. She did not have very robust health, as she suffered all her life from migraine headaches. He said at one time that many of his friends or relatives thought him foolish to marry one who was not likely to live very long; he answered that he would not be surprised to see her outlive

him by many years, which proved true.

He and his wives went through all the persecutions of Missouri and Nauvoo, and while in Nauvoo they were driven from their home and crossed the river on ice. They camped on the banks of the Mississippi River. There were heavy cold winds and driving rains; their only shelter was a covered wagon. That night Lydia's baby, Levi Mason, took sick and died from cold and exposure. He was buried next day in a crude coffin that rested on poles in the bottom of the grave. He was buried beside great grandfather Levi at Montrose on the west banks of the Mississippi River. When they moved on to Winter Quarters his wife Lydia died leaving one little girl Sariah. Sally raised her and Hannah's little girl Abigail, and was a good mother to them.

When the Saints left Winter Quarters on their journey to Salt Lake, William was placed in charge of a company. In this company was a widow, Jane Maria Shearer Wines, who had three grown sons. She was a native of New England and had been left fairly well off by her former husband, she had also been educated to become a school teacher. William married her as a fourth wife. Upon reaching Salt Lake, William established homes for both of the wives. Maria's son's were old enough that they helped a great deal in caring for their mother.

Meanwhile back at East Lake Farm, Amroth, Pembrokeshire, South Wales the family of John Rogers and Jeanette Reese lived. When their ninth and last child, Ann, was two years old Jeanette died and John married again and had one child, Mary, by the second wife. The family was converted to the Mormon Church and decided to come to Zion. He was getting along in years and his three oldest children, who were married, tried to dissuade him, telling him he was not strong enough to withstand the North American climate and make the dangerous journey. But he had his mind made up. Not long before they were ready to start, his daughter, Martha, went to the seashore with

some friends to swim and was drowned. So on January 12, 1849, he with his second wife, four daughters and two sons boarded a ship, and sailed with a company of Saints for America. They landed at New Orleans where they boarded the ship, Osprey, that was going up the Mississippi River bound for Council Bluffs. Ann was about fifteen years old. After her mother's death her sister, Elizabeth, had been like a mother to her. When they reached St. Louis her brother Thomas and wife and her sister Sarah and husband decided to stay and get work. While there Sarah had a baby and she and the baby died. The rest of the family went on up the river. Some miles beyond St. Louis Elizabeth died suddenly which was a terrible blow to Ann. The rest of them made their way on to Council Bluffs, where they spent the winter. While there both Ann and her father took malaria fever and the father died. Ann said after that that she lay in bed and prayed that she might also die and be buried in the same grave with her father. Some of the Elders were called to give her a blessing and she was told that her life was to be preserved to be a means of getting the genealogy of her family.

Ann and her brother, Henry, were anxious to get away from the step-mother. Henry got a job with a freighting company and that was the last she ever saw of him. They heard later that a freighting company had been killed by the Indians and they thought that perhaps Henry was a member of that company.

In the spring the step-mother decided to go to Salt Lake, so she joined with another man and his wife. They bought a covered wagon, a yoke of oxen and a milk cow, and she with Ann and the little half-sister joined a company who were just starting for Salt Lake. After traveling for some time the step-mother became angry and made the man cut the wagon in two. Now each had a two wheeled cart and one of the oxen. The step-mother and half-sister rode in the cart and Ann led the oxen across the plains. After difficulties no end they finally reached

Emigration Canyon. It was October and it began to snow. The company hurried to get to the valley. The step-mother's wagon was the last one in the company and a wheel came off. The company, in their hurry to get into Salt Lake didn't know this, so they were left behind alone. The step-mother sent Ann on ahead to get help, and Grandmother Ann's own words she said, "I walked afoot and alone after dark in a snow storm into Salt Lake".

There she met a man and told him of her problem. He asked her if she had any folks in Salt Lake. She told him she had known the family of William Snow back in Council Bluffs. He showed her where William lived. When he learned of the problem he and some men went out and brought the step-mother and daughter into Salt Lake.

Sometime after they arrived in Salt Lake the step-mother married again. Ann was very unhappy and tried to get work. Not long after this William's wife Maria had a new baby and William came and asked Ann if he could get her to work for them. She was more than happy to do so. While she was there she told Maria how unhappy she was and that all her own family was gone. Maria told William the story and he told her she could live with them. She remained there for some time. One day William came home to say that Brigham Young had advised him to marry her, but he said that was up to her to make the decision, if she wished he would marry her, but if she did not he would keep her as his daughter, he would give her a home as long as she wished to remain with them. Before she left Wales she had been engaged to a young man who told her that he would follow her to Zion as soon as he could and would keep in touch with her in the meantime. Nearly three years had gone by and she had heard nothing. After some consideration and probably praying she told William that she would marry him. Not long after he took her to the endowment house where he married her and also another young widow, Roxana Huntsman, who had two small daughters. Brigham performed

the ceremony for both the same day.

Some weeks later her step-mother brought her a bundle of letters that her former Welch lover had written to her. The mother had kept them from her. It sounds like a pitiful tragedy, but many years later when one of her granddaughters asked her how she felt, she had an amazing reply. She said, "I shed a few tears when I thought of what a comfort they would have been to me as I was left alone after my father died, but," she said, "as the years went by your grandfather proved to be such a kindly husband and father to the children and they all turned out so well, I felt that the Lord had given me a pearl of great price in lieu of a gaudy bauble."

Many years later, one of her daughters moved to Logan where she came into contact with the family of the man from Wales. He had come to Zion and was living in southern Idaho. The daughter said, "Mother, I don't think you quite realize how fortunate you were to marry Father instead of him, not that he isn't all right, but his family are far from the class that Father's family falls into. William's offspring were outstanding scholars, some of them being nationally or internationally famous in their fields.

When the word came that Johnston's Army was on its way to Salt Lake, William took his four wives and their children to Lehi, where he made a home for them for several years. They never returned to Salt Lake. When the word came from Erastus that William was to go to Dixie, they immediately began making preparations for the move by harvesting their crops and collecting everything they could that would help them in the new home. They planned to leave in November with another man who had also been called, but he held them up until they were some weeks later in starting than they had planned. Sally's oldest daughter, Julia, who was then in her teens was engaged to marry young Joseph Cox, whom she had met in Lehi. He had a good team and wagon and offered to help with the move. William brought Sally and her family

in one wagon with a team of horses. Ann's son, Willard, following with another wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen brought his mother and family, and Joseph Cox brought up the rear with his team and wagon loaded with supplies. Ann's ten year old son, Jeter, drove the cattle behind them.

They were three weeks on the way, when they came to the top of a long hill on the north side of Cove Fort. They could see in the distance a wagon coming their way. They had seen hardly anyone on the entire trip, so they were much interested to know who they were to meet. When the man arrived, to their great joy, it was their Uncle Erastus on his way to Salt Lake. They stopped and camped together and Erastus, who had the reputation of being able to take in all the facets of the situation at a glance, noticed that each wife had a two year old child on her lap and both were pregnant with another one. He was well familiar with the conditions they were coming to. Where could they live? He said, "William, when you get to Cedar City, don't go on to St. George, but cut through the hills to Pine Valley. I have a house there where you can live during the winter then in the spring make up your mind where to settle." That solved one of the first problems, for there were ten children plus two wives. The other two wives, Maria and Roxana, who had older children to help them had remained in Lehi. He moved them down later.

Because of the delay in starting, it was now late in December, it turned cold and began to snow. At Buckhorn Flat they nearly perished from the cold, but continued on. In two more days they came to Robert Richey's Ranch near Pinto, where they were taken in for the night. They still had about twenty more miles to go, and the snow became deeper as they climbed higher in the mountains. Pinto Canyon was nine miles long, with snow so deep that by dusk the horses were too exhausted to go farther. William told Jode Cox to take the best horse and ride into Pine Valley to see if they could

get help, which Jode did. They were just at the rim of the Great Basin, which opened out into Grass Valley. As he came into the valley, he found two young men, about twenty, out shooting rabbits, Bennett Bracken and William Gardner. On hearing the story, they hurried back to Pine Valley to tell the folks there that their help was needed. At once some of the men in town hurried on fresh horses to bring the travelers in. Bennett was engaged to marry Marian Whipple, daughter of Eli, so when Sister Whipple heard the story she at once thought how cold and hungry they must be. At once she and Marian began to prepare supper for the weary travelers. When they arrived, Sister Whipple had a nice hot supper ready for them, which they greatly appreciated after having eaten by campfire for so many weeks. Years later, the little girls loved to tell how happy they were to sit down to a table with a cloth on it and eat the lovely food from dishes. Erastus's house was a short distance from the Whipple Mill, so after eating their supper, the men got some pitch pine knots they found close around and soon had a beautiful fire blazing in the fireplace. Grandmother Ann said it was the most beautiful sight she ever saw after being out in the cold and snow for so long.

It was Christmas Eve, the snow was four feet on the level. When they awoke the next morning the storm was over and they looked out on the beautiful snow covered mountains. William cleared a place off by the house and began at once to make furniture for their comfort. A week later on New Years Day, Julia and Jode Cox were married, her father performing the ceremony. William's two wives prepared a wedding dinner for them and in the evening the neighbors came in and they celebrated the event with a dance. As soon as the weather permitted them to travel in some comfort, the newly weds returned to Lehi, where they made their home.

Up to this time, Pine Valley was not a distinct ward. All the settlements north of

St. George were organized into a combined ward, with Robert Gardner as bishop, and now they were divided, and as well might be guessed, Erastus made William the first bishop of the new Pine Valley ward. Since plans had already been made to move the town to the new location, which was a mile or so west, as soon as spring opened up the settlers began to carry out their plans. As has already been mentioned, James B. Bracken, Sr. was the first one to move. In March 1866, he built a house on the southeast corner of the block just west of the public square and moved into it. Soon after Robert Carr began a home on the northeast corner of the block on Main Street and first south. William Snow rented a sawmill and began sawing lumber to build his house straight across the street from Carr's.

Carr dug a well in the corner of his lot and it supplied water for both himself and the Snows. The well is still there and is being put to use. Just who came next we do not know, but for the next forty years, more and more houses were built in the valley. Most of the places in the Upper Town had hastily been built and evidently were not too substantial except the two which had been built by the Hawley brothers, George and John, of sturdy sawed logs six inches thick. They were the only homes that were ever moved to the new location. George's house was moved to the southwest corner of the block where Carr had built. It remained there for several years and changed hands a number of times. Later it was moved by Fred Jones, an expert rock mason, to the northeast corner of the block straight across the street from the public square. He first put an expertly rocked cellar under it. Then had Joseph Ira Earl and William P. Sargent add a three roomed lean-to across the back of it. Later he dug a well right close to the back door, and also rocked this up beautifully. It was a most excellent well and became the most frequently used one in the valley for many years as it was the closest one to the Church and school.

When he later moved to Mexico to evade the difficulties of polygamy, his step-son Jode Cox took the place over and remodeled it. Later Jode purchased the home being vacated by Abe Burgess, and sold the Jones home to his Uncle Frank Snow in 1893, and it is still owned by his daughters and authors of this history. It was so substantial that it was warm in winter and cool in summer. It has been remodeled several times and claims the distinction of having the first bathroom in the valley. The two front rooms are the oldest ones in the county even though they were not the first to be built in Dixie, but the oldest ones were washed away in the flood of 1862.

The John Hawley house was moved down to the Lower Town by Thomas Alfred Jeffery, who had first lived twelve miles down the creek at what is now known as Brookside, but for many years was known as Chadburn's Ranch. The house was placed on a lot in what was known as 'Back Street' a block south of Main Street. Jeffery lived there until he moved to what was known as Rabbit Valley, then it was sold to Jeter Snow, who had been called from Panaca, Nevada, where he had lived for a number of years, to be a member of the Bishopric in Pine Valley. He lived in the place for a number of years, until he purchased a large brick house that was left vacant by his brother Orrin, who had moved to Lund, Nevada. The old home remained vacant for a number of years. Joseph Carpenter's house at the Old Vance Place, a few miles northwest of Pine Valley burned down so Jeter let him have this house to move over there. A few years later this house burned to the ground.

There seems to be no record as to how the ground was divided up and how the house holders got possession of the places they chose to build on when they moved to the Lower Town. But some of the earliest ones chose places near the foot of the hills on the south side of the valley. It is likely because there were springs near some of them.

THE SLADES AND THE LLOYDS

Rufus Slade chose the block just west of the John Hawley place. There he built one of the few sawed log homes. It had four rooms, two with a gable roof and a lean-to at the back. Because it was on a slope, they made a rock foundation under the north side, but to make it level, they put a wooden foundation right on the ground on the south side. So as the years went by, this part of the foundation decayed or the home, after more than a hundred years would still be in fairly good shape. A huge chimney went up through the center of the gable part, with a large fireplace on both sides. In the one on the north side there was a crane on which a huge iron kettle was suspended, in which Dorinda heated water for her laundry and all other household uses. She baked in an oven which she brought from Texas. She was a skillful housewife and the place was a cozy and homey spot.

Behind the house Rufus planted an orchard, and back of that was an excellent pasture which sloped steeply up the hillside and was big enough to pasture a few milk cows. In that day when the snow fell deep each winter the place was subirrigated, so the grass was green all summer.

Across the road to the east, they took up more ground where they had a barn, corral, chicken coop and an adequate garden spot. The orchard soon produced well and Mr. Slade made part of their living by freighting fruit, vegetables and lumber to Pioche, which was then a thriving mining town. It was while on one of these trips that he died and was buried before she ever heard of his death, the third time that she had endured that same tragedy.

At the age of sixty four she was left a widow for the third time, but she had long since learned to face difficulties. She continued to live a busy and useful life. Fortunately, three of her four daughters had moved to Pine Valley. The Lloyds had moved from Washington in 1871, the year before Mr. Slade died. Fredonia had married Robert Forsyth, while they all still

lived in Washington and he later came to Pine Valley. The youngest daughter, Jane, married Benjamin Brown, who was a son of Lorenzo Brown, one of the first sawmill owners in the valley, so Dorinda was kept busy helping her daughters as they were raising their families. She was never idle, in the first years they lived in Dixie, they raised their own cotton, cleaned it, spun and wove it to supply their own clothing. Later after the cotton factory came to Washington they could buy cloth, but she continued to make her own clothing. Quilting was always her special hobby. She made her own patterns and said that she never discarded a piece of cloth that was big enough to cover a dime, for she might use it to make a quilt block. One morning in winter she arose to find an intricate frost pattern on the window pane. She immediately found a pencil and paper, copied it and used it to make a quilt pattern. she named it "the window pane quilt" as she named many of her quilts. Since she so frequently had a quilt in the frames her neighbors and her daughters would come in to help her and visit for a few hours. One election day a group of ladies were at her home quilting when her son-in-law, Robert Lloyd, came in to see them. He asked what she was going to name this particular quilt. When she answered that she had not decided on a name, he said since he was a staunch Southern Democrat, "Let me name it, it will be the Whigs Defeat or the Democrats Victory". So it was named and remained in the family for many years. At one time she had nine bedspreads and thirty five quilts all designed by her. She sent one of her spreads to the San Francisco World's Fair and won a prize of \$50 for it, and in that day that was a considerable sum. One spread that Eliza inherited was a most prized heirloom, which she called "Grandma Moody's counterpane", and liked to tell that Grandma picked the cotton, spun the thread, wove the cloth and embroidered it.

Besides being a thrifty housewife, she also did public work and made intricate laces from the thread she spun, which she used to

decorate her own clothing and spread much of it around among her family and friends as gifts. In 1874, the Relief Society in the ward was re-organized and she was made President, a position she held for fourteen years. She was the second president of the organization in town.

Around 1880 a large number of the residents of Pine Valley left and went elsewhere as there was no room for expansion in the small valley. Many went to what was then called Rabbit Valley in Wayne County. Robert and Fredonia went with this group, while Jane and Benjamin Brown went to Arizona as word came back that there was good feed for cattle in both places. This left Dorinda with only Eliza and Robert to help look after her.

When the temple was finished in St. George most of the people in the area went there and had their temple work done. Dorinda went and was sealed to Mr. Slade, although she did not care for him as she had for Michael Goheen. One day a man came to her door asking for Mr. Slade. He said he was a nephew of Slade's, he gave his name as Mortimer Slocum, so she asked him how it was that his name was not Slade. He told her that Mr. Slade, when a young man, in New England had been a member of a gang of young men who had done something that could have brought them into conflict with the law, so he had left home, gone south and changed his name to help protect himself. She was unhappy to think she had been sealed to Slade and tried to be released from it, but was told that it could not be done, so now she said, "Well, I was never really married to him so it frees me." Later she went to the temple again and was sealed to Michael. She often said later that it was one of the happiest days of her life as she could look forward to spending eternity with the man she really loved.

The Lloyds had built their home up close to the mountains as the Slades had done but it was two blocks west. They looked out for Dorinda's comfort. When she was eighty three years old Robert died, leaving Eliza a

widow also. Three years later Dorinda fell on the ice and broke her hip and her arm, which made her bedfast for nine long months. She could no longer even sew, which was a severe trial to her. That winter the snow fell very deep, so Eliza moved her mother over to her own place where it was easier to care for her. Eliza's daughter Ella who was still in school helped to care for her also. One morning in November, Ella had her school books in her hand and was just leaving for school when her mother asked her to stay for a few minutes with her grandmother while she, Eliza, went for a glass of water. Ella stepped to the bedroom when Dorinda said, "Ella, they have come for me, I have to go," and passed quietly out. She was buried in the Pine Valley cemetery.

Although the Slades and the Lloyds both came to Pine Valley for the summer in 1859, the Slades soon moved permanently to Pine Valley while the Lloyds continued to return to Washington for the winters until 1871. Robert was active in public affairs, so he had responsibilities that he needed to continue to live in Washington. He was Sheriff in the county as well as Assessor and Tax Collector. He was also a counselor to Bishop Robert Covington for several years. In the years that they lived in Washington seven of their twelve children were born.

An interesting story is told that Mary, the oldest child, named the squaw bushes that grow so profusely in this area. One day Mary disappeared. No one could find her, but after a time she came home and her mother asked her where she had been. She answered that she had been under the squaw bushes watching the squaws weave baskets. The family began calling them squaw bushes and the name stuck. Now its their official name.

Eliza was especially friendly with the Indians. She learned to understand much of their language so was often used as an interpreter between the two races. One year when the family needed more pasture for their cattle, she chanced to tell an Indian of their troubles. He told her he could lead

them to a good pasture land, which he did. Riding Eliza's horse he led the men driving their cattle to what is now called Dameron Valley, where they found the wanted feed.

Eliza's grandson, Fred Chadburn, told me the following story. One day an Indian came to their house in Washington and asked for a loaf of bread. She didn't happen to have any and told him she didn't. He thought she was lying to him and told her if she didn't give him a loaf he would kill her husband. When Robert came home she told him about it. So one day as they were traveling to Pine Valley, they came to where the road has a lot of cedar trees on each side of it. Suddenly they thought they could hear someone back in the trees, so Robert handed Eliza the lines and told her to drive on up the road and not to look either way or act a bit concerned. He took his gun and slipped back into the trees. A few minutes later she could hear a shot. Robert came back up to the wagon, climbed in, laid his gun down, took the lines out of Eliza's hands, said nothing and drove up the road.

In Washington they raised cotton, which they used for their own clothing. The family would spend their evenings picking out the seeds. If they could clean a pound in an evening they felt they had done well. For many years Eliza corded, spun and wove the cloth that clothed her family. The loom was a company one, the bobbins were of reed which they found by the river. Robert succeeded in finding a spinning wheel for Eliza, but having no spools on which to wind the thread she used corn cobs.

In the years that they had come to Pine Valley for the summer they first had a two room log house. They chose a place two blocks west of her mother's home, which was right at the foot of the mountains. They took up ground enough for a garden, some pasture and space for the barns and other out buildings. Over the hill to the west in the canyon down which the first trail over which the first scouts had discovered the valley, Robert cleared and leveled a plot of ground which is still called the Lloyd field. He

farmed and raised some cattle. In the next few years four more children were born to them, making twelve in all, but only nine of them lived to maturity. They became useful citizens in the community. Robert was appointed Justice of the Peace, and again made good use of the medical training he had had. It was he who set the broken bones, pulled the aching teeth, and offered help in cases of sickness. Because he was nearly twenty years older than Eliza, he realized that she would likely be left a widow for many years, he attempted to care for her future. Where most of the homes were built of lumber, now a Brother William Jones of Gunlock, whose profession was that of a brick maker, began to come to the valley and burn bricks for some of the newer houses, so Robert built a new substantial brick home for them. At the same time he had another building built close to the home to be used as a general store. This business would be a means of a living for Eliza if she were left on her own. They began the business which was a convenience for people for miles around. As a sales person, Eliza was decidedly open and frank. The story is told that at one time when fragile chiffon ruching was a fashionable trimming for ladies collars and cuffs, one customer came in and was contemplating buying some. When she saw how fragile it was she said, "But Sister Lloyd, will it wash?" Eliza answered, "Yes, it will wash, but I can't tell you what it will look like when you're through."

When the older children grew up and began to marry, Robert told Eliza to never sell her home and attempt to live with the children, but to always maintain her independence. This she never forgot.

About 1880, there was a general exodus from Pine Valley, the lumber business had died down from having already sawed up the most readily available timber, young people were growing up and needing to start their own ways of making a living, but there was no room for expansion. The cattle business was beginning to supplant the lumber business, so when word was received of

other places where it was possible to get good range rights, many of the villagers moved to either Arizona or to Piate or Wayne Counties. In time all of the Lloyd children moved to what was then called Rabbit Valley. Her sisters, Fredonia, and Jane, also were among the ones who moved, so Eliza was left alone in the village. When she was sixty two, Robert died and four years later Ella, the youngest child married and moved to Panguitch, leaving Eliza completely alone. She was a widow for thirty years, but she maintained her independence. The store business played out, but she had a loom on which she wove carpets for others to help her. Her children came back and attempted to get her to come live with them, but she refused. Her oldest daughter had married Henry Chadburn and lived on a ranch about twelve miles below Pine Valley. Sometimes she went there for the winter, but returned in the spring. Her nearest neighbors were Ozro and Mettie Gardner. His corral was just across the road from her place. When he was milking his cows, she would come over with a quart cup and he would milk it full for her, which was a great kindness to her.

The Chadburns tried to do what they could for her, but when she was about eighty both Henry and Mary died within a month of each other leaving her more alone. By this time the town was practically deserted in the winters, as the school had been closed so everyone moved to St. George to put their children in school. At this point Eliza's youngest son, Richard, came to see about her and since she still did not wish to live with her children and leave Pine Valley he went to her neighbors, Stanley and Maggie Calkins, a childless couple, and told them that they could have all her property if they would care for her the remainder of her life. They took her into their home and gave her good care until her death at the age of 83. There were hardly enough people left to have a funeral, but many of the family came back for the occasion. She was buried next to her husband in the Pine Valley cemetery.

Many years before, while she was still in the mercantile business, she had purchased a marble tombstone, a tall square one. On one side was her mother's name. On another, Robert's, on a third the name of a child, Woodruff, she had lost many years before, and on the fourth her own name and all the essential information save the date of her death. Her children had the stone placed in the center of the four graves. years later some of her family not knowing this put up more stones.

The Lloyds could not have done the town a greater service that they did when they left their property to the Calkinses, for after Stanley died and Maggie was left alone, she did the same thing as the Lloyds had done. She told Earl Bleak, a nephew of Stanley's that he could have all their property if he would care for her until her death. Earl was a most talented musician who was head of the music department in Dixie College for many years, his wife Stella, was equally talented so they moved to Pine Valley for the summers for the remainder of their lives and were so generous with their talents that they almost made the social life over.

THE JACOBSONS

In 1867, the year after the move from the Upper Town, there came one more large family who were to be important in the life of the village, ones who were to remain for the rest of their lives and be buried in the local cemetery. This was Peter Jacobson, a convert to the Church from Denmark. They came to Utah in 1856, unfortunately in the ill fated Martin handcart company, where Peter had his fingers frozen off to the first joint. This experience seemed to have a lasting impression on his later life, he knew what it was to be left without the necessities of life and it made him unreasonably careful of all things for the rest of his life. He became a real miser, compared to him, Silas Marner was a spendthrift.

Peter and his wife, Anna Kristine, had at least one son, James, who was born in Denmark and first learned the native

language, and also the rudiments of reading an advantage the other children born later did not have. The family lived in San Pete County for a time with other Scandanavians, then moved to Brigham City. In 1867, they were called to Dixie as he was a tanner by trade and there was a need for one in this mission. He came to Pine Valley, where there was an abundance of bark needed to tan leather. He took up a lot on the southeast corner of the present Forest Service block, and there built a house exactly like the one built the previous year by William Snow on main street. His home was not far from the foot of the hills, where he found a small spring which supplied water for the big iron tanks which held the ground up bark in which the hides of cattle were soaked to make the soft leather used for shoes and other leather goods.

The family consisted of three sons, James, Henry and Hyrum, and two daughters, Christena and Partha, who all grew up in Pine Valley, but because their father could not bear to part with the money necessary for their education they did not learn to read. The girls married here and later moved away, where they may have learned to read, but the boys never did.

All three of the boys were fortunate to marry wives who were all excellent managers and housewives who could assume much of the responsibility of managing their business affairs so they all lived comfortably. The boys went into the cattle business and developed a huge herd, which they ran together as a company business.

The James Jacobson family consisted of four sons and two daughters. Henry and his wife had one lone son. Hyrum had three daughters, one who died in childhood, but the family was to have a profound influence on the subsequent history of the valley.

THE BROWNS

The best picture of life in the valley comes to us from the day to day journal kept by Lorenzo Brown, who came to Dixie from Salt Lake in 1863 and lived in Pine Valley for six years. The following are excerpts from his

journal:

(December 1, 1862) came to Washington by noon thence 6 miles to St. George before night, some sandy road. Had some drizzling rain the first we have seen lasted some of the night. The storm reached north and south. Snow a foot deep on the Black Ridge and six inches to a foot from there to Parowan. This is the first day of winter came to St. George where I expect to make my future residence. Stopped with sister Hannah Crosby. Jesse (a brother in law) has gone to Salt Lake, we met him at Nephi.

(January 5, 1863) Working at cotton gin fine weather. Boys got up their cattle (6) finishes with gin which tolerably well. this is the first water that has been in operation in St. George and is but temporary. Boys went for wood. Had an application to go to Pine Valley on a mill.

(March 2, 1863) Started early for Pine Valley to lookout our mill site and locate it. Went to Ranchers 20 miles. (Ranchers was then where Brookside is now)

(3) Rode five miles. Got to Bryces at about 2 P.M. 15 miles, worked some at their mill bryce is trying to start it.

(4) At mill which is 50 feet by 20. A very nice affair if it would ever do any good. It is to be run by belts altogether but they all slip & cannot start the saw.

(5) At the mill. Got it to start by helping the saw sash. Cut twice through.

(6) The mill cut 3 times through a ten inch long log. I went with Bryce down the crick to see the timber and shingle mill of John alger. He basely misrepresented thing.

(9) Came home Br Freme came with me to Diamond Valley. Had a strong east wind all day cold with mittens.

(22) Sunday found two more cattle in yard. At meeting saw many acquaintances from other places. John Hawley from Pine Valley he took supper with us.

(March 25, 1863) Got three head of oxen at Burgesses fixed a big wagon & team with come load & started them to pine valley with Frank Davis I fixed posts for a shade over the wagon box.

(26) Started early on foot for pine valley Got there 35 miles after dark having stopped by the way Passed my team Rain and snow through the night.

(27) Stormy A.M. Team came in P.M. Went with Bryce to look at mill site very good with long headraces.

(28) Began work for the mill company morticing shaft for the water wheel fine day.

(April 1,2) At mill got it started.

(3,4) Bryce and I leveling headrace for our own mill.

(6) John Alger came and had an arbitration by John and George Hawley about Algers shingle machine they throwed \$50.00 in costs while their Alger and C. wanted about \$200.00 At the mill.

(8) Bryce and I started on horseback for St. George to see Robt. Gardner met him about half way and Bryce went back I got home about sunset.

(13) Started for Pine Valley on Bryces horse & leading my mare Stopped with Bracken.

(14) Started at day break and got to Bryces to breakfast colt very tired. We are both quite discouraged as the mill company have thrown cold water on our operation we would well out now if we could.

(May 7) Benjamin (a son) & I started for St. George with horses and 254 feet of lumber Got home by sunset. Pres. Young got in about 10 a.m.

(8) Meeting at Clara went with wife Preaching by Pres. Young, Kimball, Hyde, G.A. Smith, L. Now they seemed to & did feel first rate & spoke feelingly.

(9) Meetings at St. George Two meetings.

(10) At meeting P.M. Loading up to move to Pine Valley as Pres. Young told me to go on with the mill George Hawley took some things Bryce some and I took a load with horses Benj drove the cow Sarah and John rode Started two hours before sunset drove to diamond valley & camped part of the night.

(11) Started early and drove in by 1 P.M. stopped at George Hawleys Bryce and wife did not even ask us to stop there although I

own one half of the house Pres. Young & company came in just at night Pres Young spoke also Kimball Smith and Hyde. Had a public supper.

(12) Pres. Young started before breakfast. He told me to build a mill close by here instead of 1½ miles below as we had intended. P.M. looking at mill site.

(13) Watered my lot.

(14) Plowing and planting potatoes wife and Edward started for St. George with horses. Lent our mill to Robt. Gardner to be replaced later. Finished plowing and planting potatoes got plenty of seed on the ground.

(24) Sunday A.M. reading and sleeping P.M. Took a walk up to the pines with wife.

(25) Began my house or shanty made by setting two posts in the ground & putting boards between etc Benj and Edward made two loads of lumber.

(26) Finished my house and moved into it. Benj and Edward hauled timber from Bryces and the mill. J. Crosby came and brought a few things for us yesterday. Bro. M. Cannon brought us a few things.

(31) Sunday A.M. Put window in my house etc Took a walk with Bryce up timber Our mill is framed in except the plates and brass. Our work prospers George Hawley and wife took supper with us.

(June 1) Working at the mill Benj hauled one load plate and two long sticks.

(4) Came home from Pinto about 3 P.M. Finished the day at the mill.

(8,9) At the mill & finished the raising the frame and began penstock.

(July 4) Worked all day Up town all hands had a game with a dance in the evening Have worked six days at the mill this week.

(Aug. 15) Tinkering around grinding and handling axes. P.M. went up Forsyth canyon looking for timber with the boys Cut two trees for logs. had hoped to get the mill started before this but having to wait for irons & and then a great deal of puttering causes things to move slowly.

(Oct 30) Digging potatoes 15 bushels 3 bushels of them frozen cold weather here as

everywhere has set in early.

(Nov 3) Sawing some Benj hunted horses.

(Nov 13) Edward unwell I am trying hard to get lumber together for a house Bryce helped me make a flour box.

(Nov 15) Sawing some George and John Hawley worked at my house Cold and raw.

(Dec 1) Have got into my house About the first ult I fell and hurt my hip badly but by applying strong liniment got around in about 2 or 3 days Edward was taken very sick with influenza and canker a few days after Benj was taken serious ill with the same He had several ague shakes Sarah had a slight touch but was about of the time John had a severe cold and for 10 or 12 days could not speak loud but kept running about all the time & all this in our open cold shanty so when we moved into our new house all were sick but wife and I The sick soon began to mend after getting into a warm house where we could nurse and doctor them. Our house is made of three inch plank built like a log house and dowl in the middle shingled roof and matched floor below and loose above good fireplace and stove in one corner.

(15) Benj came with small load of hay for B. Hawley I sawed 364 feet.

(16) Benj hawled two loads logs I sawed 306 feet.

(17) Benjamin hawled one load Evening at a good party at Geo Hawleys.

(25) Sawing Evening at a dance at George Hawleys very good one Christmas

(July 5,6 1864) Each night had frost that produced ice but did not damage vegetation. Watering potatoes they look bad from the hard frost of 24 ult but I hop they may make something yet many were killed down to the ground.

(July 23) Doing of some kind going on and a dance in the evening The dance was interruted between nine and ten by the death of one of Bishop Gardner's daughters about nine years old. Her death was sudden having been sick but two days and not considered dangerous. I did not know of the sickness until I heard of her death.

(24) Sunday My folks away making grave

clothes most of the material of which we have furnished. At meeting about noon The burial took place about dark This is the third child Bro. Gardner has lost since coming to St. George William Moodys daughter from Meadow Valley stopped with us.

(October 31, 1864) Edward got a small load of maple. I sawed. (Benjamin married)

(November 3) Benjamin came from Meadow Valley. He has been married to Jane A stepdaughter of Br. Wm. R. Slade who moved from here last spring.

(4) Gave invitations to all the families in Pine Valley to supper at four P.M. Over forty persons took supper and then had a fine dance till one A.M. when a portion left but dancing kept up till four A.M. All expressed pleasure that they enjoyed themselves exceeding well. Ranchers from Grass Valley were present and Richard Gibbons from Pinto for music. Several were away from home.

(7) Sawing. Benj fixing Bryce house to live in.

(12) Drove home from Clara by dark found all well Benjamin has been hauling wood for himself.

(June 1) George Hawley and Bro. Carr worked on Benjamins house. I sawed some Ed watered wheat Duncan came and stopped with us Hiram came at night.

Benjamin's marriage to petite little Janie Goheen, Dorinda's daughter, would have been one of the earliest romances in the valley. They settled in Pine Valley and remained there until 1869 when the Brown mill was burned down. Lorenzo sold the remains of the mill to Sam Burgess then he and his sons Benjamin and John moved to southern Arizona which was then being pioneered by the Church. Later both the Bryces and some of Sam Burgesses also moved there where they became influential in settling that area. All three families remembered their life in Pine Valley and evidently brought up their children on stories about their experiences there. In recent years all three families returned and held their family reunions here.

Benjamin Brown's grandsons returned to St. George in the 1960's and set up their businesses there and remained to make their homes. They have been in the publishing business and, fortunately, published their grandfather's journal which is the best single source of information on the early history of Pine Valley in existence today. It gives a lucid picture of what life at the time then was like.

For the first forty years of the history of the valley, lumbering was the chief source of income. It offered work to men who needed employment. Often men worked at the mills to secure lumber for their own homes, fences, and outbuildings, etc. During the winters when the snow was deep, men went into the mountains and logged, making slides in the snow on which they slid the logs to the foot of the hills where they could be more easily hauled to the mill sites, as the sawing was done in the summers. One winter when the snow was unusually deep, Royal Gardner was logging in the mountains of Grass Valley, he marked the level of the snow on a tall pine then the next summer measured the depth and found the snow to have been forty feet deep.

Speaking of giants in the earth, we surely see their counterparts in the men who came to such places as these rugged mountains and by their own ingenuity and brawn, installed the mills using crude materials at

hand and being forced to use all kinds of substitutes, since it was impossible to receive outside help. One sawer told how cog wheels were whittled out of tough mahogany sticks when the inferior iron from the Cedar City foundry crumpled under the strain of heavy duty. Leather thongs and bailing wire have become a standing joke in the country since they were so frequently used for repairs. Yet in the face of such difficulties they supplied materials for the beautiful and lasting structures such as the simple but beautiful Pine Valley Chapel, the St. George Tabernacle and courthouse and other like buildings which are superior to many of the modern structures.

The pipes of the nationally famous Salt Lake Tabernacle organ are made from pines that grew in Left Hand Fork in the canyon. An interesting side light of this story is that Joseph Ridges sent out word that he needed a certain type of yellow pine, straight grained, for the pipes. Brigham Young contacted Robert Gardner, who went into the pines with his son William and there selected the trees, felled them and had them sawed into lengths suitable for hauling. Robert's daughter, Sarah, was making preparations to go to Salt Lake to be married to William Meeks at the time, so she and William helped haul them into Salt Lake on their wedding journey.

Chapter 2

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

When one contrasts the looks of the country from St. George to Cajon Pass in California, it is not surprising that Isaac Riddle was more than amazed when he first saw Pine Valley with its abundance of timber and other lush growth. Nor is it surprising that he and the other Indian missionaries immediately saw the possibilities of the use of the timber, and considering the many problems that the early Mormons solved, it is to be expected that they would have at once made plans to set up a saw mill. The lumber from that first mill furnished the materials for all the first homes in all the Dixie country, but it is not until the coming of the Saints to the Cotton Mission, that the industry really began to prosper.

Within a very few years there were several mills operating at the same time in the valley turning out thousands of feet of lumber each day. As already mentioned, the Riddle mill was purchased in the summer of 1863 by Erastus Snow, Robert Gardner and Eli Whipple, but burned down that same summer. Eli then bought out the interests of the other owners and replaced the mill with another much more powerful, and added a shingle and lathe mill, also a planing blade. This was one of the most productive mills in the valley for many years. When Eli moved to Mexico in the 1890's he left the mill to fall to decay, after which other men took away any parts which they found a use for.

Some place on the mill was weighted heavily with lead, so when fishermen were making their outfits with just a birch willow for a pole, they went to the mill and dug out

bits of the lead to use for sinkers. This was a real help to the boys who grew up in the valley, for the commercial fishing outfits were unheard of.

Several decades later Eli's great granddaughter, Nell Malchus, purchased ground and built a very attractive cottage across the road from the location of the mill. One day she went scouting over in the field where the mill had been. She noticed a strip of metal protruding from the sand of the stream where the mill had sat. She proceeded to dig and unearthed the steel blade of the planing mill, a large circle about three feet in diameter. She took it home, cleaned it up and with the help of some Forest Rangers mounted it on a large pine stump and made a most attractive bird bath of it. Her pet birds have enjoyed it ever since. It has become one of the interesting 'conversation pieces' in the valley, along with some of her interesting relics.

The water from Spring Branch Creek, which was the only stream that did not dwindle as snow melted, was diverted into a horseshoe shaped stream so it could operate more mills and taken over to a place on the Santa Clara Creek a short distance above the big grove, now known as Sell's Grove, since it was on Sell's land, to operate Robert Gardner's mill with the circular saw which Gardner's mill with the circular saw which was so powerful that Erastus Snow dubbed it the White Elephant, a name it bears to this day. Since mills were frequently moved to gain access to new sources of uncut timber this mill was moved several times. At

one time it was placed down in the site of the present town on the lot where Malin Cox lived.

The same stream was next taken down across the road to operate the Asa Calkins grist mill, then channeled far across the valley to the foot of the Cedar Hill, where it gave power to the mill of Lorenzo Brown and Ebenezer Bryce, then on down to the Sam Burgess mill which was just below the other one. Bryce and Brown constructed a long flume to carry the water over the Santa Clara Creek.

A fifth mill was the one operated by the Burgesses above Birch Flat, another was begun by Robert Forsyth in the canyon that still bears his name, but it was soon found there was insufficient water for a mill so it was abandoned. Three years later he moved to Toquerville and erected a mill on the south side of the mountain.

William Freleigh and Joseph Carpenter, Sr. established a keg factory on Blue Spring, or Dry Fork which feeds into Middle Fork. Here they made kegs, butter bowls, churns, butter paddles, wooden tubs, spoons, etc. for the convenience of the settlers. Down on Lloyds Creek in the lower end of the valley, the Earls had a turning lathe, on which they made spinning wheels and looms, as well as all kinds of furniture.

At this point when the lumber business was at its height, thousands of feet of lumber were taken to the whole area. The mining camps of Pioche and Silver Reef made excellent market places for it, as well as all the home builders who were in need of material. The town was probably the busiest spot in all Dixie. It was the one place where employment was available, plus being the most pleasant place to be in the summers. Two different people who lived here at the time have estimated that the population went as high as six hundred in the summer, though most of them were not permanent residents, as the highest the Ward member-

ship ever went was 275 with about 75 school children.

During these boom days, the village had the reputation of being one of the roughest places in the whole area. Peddlers from Santa Clara brought in loads of Dixie wine when they came for lumber, as a result there was a great deal of drinking and gambling. Also saloons flourished, Jed Woodward's being one that was well remembered. One man who could remember hearing what it was like, said that Pine Valley had the two greatest extremes for settlers; one group who were so pious and sanctimonious, they would hesitate to even say 'sandpaper' lest it might sound rough, and another group who prided themselves on how tough and rough they could be.

Fortunately, the latter group moved away when the lumber business died down, while the former remained to become the permanent residents and gave it its saintly reputation.

Because of its secluded location, it became a retreat for men evading law. If they heard that officers were anywhere in the vicinity, they could easily find refuge in the mountains. The following are some of the criminals: Jim Marshall, who had killed a man in Flagstaff, Arizona; Old Man Rapp, who had led a gorilla band during the Civil War; Perry Davis, who had killed a man while in a card game; Bill Hawkins, who had killed a man down on the Muddy. He had once lived with the Indians and fought the whites; Bill and Joe Carruthers, brothers who built a cabin in Squaw Canyon and hid there for crimes they had committed. Jed Woodward had killed a school teacher in Lehi, came to Pine Valley and set up his saloon, but later moved to Panguitch where he was shot by Jim Pace, Justice of the Peace, while attempting to escape the law.

As the years went by and the children grew up many of them followed in their parent's footsteps and became lumbermen; the sons of Harrison Burgess and Robert Gardner began taking over their fathers work. John A. Gardner, son of Robert, and

Joseph and Benjamin Burgess, twin sons of Harrison in the summer of 1877 moved the White Elephant far up in the Left Hand Fork about where Hop Canyon joins the Fork and operated the mill there for some time. Johnny and Jode, as they were called, had recently married sisters, Celestia and Emma Snow. They lived in a cabin built near the mill for some summers. Celestia went there as a bride and loved to tell how happy they were there. She recalled that often on Sundays some of the young people of the town would ride up to their place on horseback to enjoy the afternoon with them. She took her first baby, a little girl there and came to the door one day to see her lying on the bed with a rattlesnake curled up on the floor between her and the baby. Who got rid of the snake I do not know, but she said that she and Emma then heated tubs of water to the boiling point and poured it down the cracks in the floor lest a mate be hiding under the house.

When my grandmother was in her eighties and it was my obligation and privilege to stay with her nights so she would not be alone. I came back from one of my first trips to the mountains and began to wax eloquent to try to tell her how beautiful it was in Hop Canyon. She said quietly, "Yes, I remember. I spent a summer there with Celestia helping to care for her first baby."

When the lumber business died down from the lack of easily accessible timber, the demand for it remained. Some of those giants in the earth moved the mills and continued to produce lumber. About 1910 Uncle Jode owned the White Elephant so moved over the north hill of Pine Valley to Water Canyon in Grass Valley and continued to saw.

Our mother, who had had six children in nine years, now figured that she had done her share, so when her baby was seven years old she folded away the baby clothes, loaned the cradle to one of the neighbors, then discovered that there was still another baby on the way. Our old George Hawley's

house had only two bedrooms with eight people to sleep in it. She said to Father that something would have to be done about it. He at once made a deal with Uncle Jode to work in his sawmill and take lumber for pay. He added two rooms to the house to solve the problem.

There had never been a sawmill in Water Canyon so there was plenty of available timber close by. Not far from the mill was an unusually large tree that the men had about decided was too large to handle. Annie Johnson of St. George had been hired as cook for the mill hands. One day at dinner they were discussing the tree when Uncle Jode who was of a jovial nature, turned to Mrs. Johnson and said, "I'll give you \$50.00 and the lumber in that tree if you can cut it down in twelve days." Now in 1910, \$50.00 would buy quite a bit; so without hesitation she took an ax and with amazing strength and skill felled the tree in three hours and twenty minutes. True to his word the tree was sawed and the lumber was given to her. When it was hauled to St. George it arrived just in time to be comandered by Thomas Cottam who was then in charge of building the main building at Dixie College, to make the steps in the front hall. They withstood the thread of countless feet for nearly forty years before they were replaced by the metal ones that are still there.

This was the last time the old White Elephant was operated, but it was left in Water Canyon for many years.

At the height of the mill business there were seven mills operating simultaneously in the valley. They were moved from place to place as readily available timber was sawed up. For many years the stumps of saw timber could be found in every nook and cranny in all the canyons. For two and three generations the men watched and hoarded these stumps for as they deteriorated it became possible to dig them out and take them home for fire wood. They were so rich in pitch that they made most excellent kindlings and firewood.

After most of the mills had ceased to be

operated, John A. and Royal Gardner, sons of Robert, moved to Grass Valley where they took up farms and also operated a saw mill. They married sisters and both had large families. Royal's wife had twelve children, John had ten and their big husky sons produced lumber for many years, which was always in demand. John A. and family moved to Logan in 1910, but Royal and his sons continued to saw until 1923. The remains of that mill are still standing in what is known as 'Uncle Royal's Mill Canyon.' This mill supplied the lumber for Woodward School in St. George.

Because these two families lived and worked together so closely they were often thought of as a unit, or like salt and pepper or shoes and socks. They lived side by side and at one time lived in the same house when they first moved to Grass Valley. They later built large and very attractive homes with a cold stream of water from a small spring running down to supply both homes with culinary water.

Like all the other children in Pine Valley, as soon as they finished grade school they went first to the Branch Normal school in Cedar City, then some of them went on to higher education at either B.Y.U. or the Agricultural College at Logan.

The second son, Jeter, or J.X. as he called himself, graduated as an engineer from the University of Utah on 1905, one of the first college graduates from southern Utah. He was the engineer for the ill fated New Castle Reclamation Company. He took for pay land in the New Castle area, which joined to the ground they already had in Grass Valley, which made a good set-up for cattle raising. He and the youngest brother, Kumen, operated their business together for a number of years until J.X. moved to Springville and took over the business that his wife had there.

The other members of the family went away to school, married and went into business elsewhere. Only Kumen remained on the family farm. He wintered his cattle on the New Castle ground, so built a home in

Cedar City for the education of his children. He became a prominent man in the county, acting as bishop and a member of the stake Presidency in the Church and also a member of the State Legislature. For a number of years he was the Chairman of the Board of Directors for the College there. In 1980 he was awarded an honorary Doctor's Degree by the college as a reward for his public service.

The John A. Gardner family became almost a legend for their accomplishments in the field of education. In her early married life, Celestia, the mother, went to St. George to conference, where she was a guest in her Uncle Apostle Erastus's home and met with her cousin Martha, who later turned out to be Washington County's first woman college graduate.

On the way home Celestia said to her husband, "Martha is smart, she has a good education. That is what I want for my children."

She decided she had better start with herself, so she made it a habit to see that she always had a book or a magazine on the table by the chair where she sat to nurse her babies so she could read. As she had ten children it gave her quite a lot of time and how well it paid off. It is doubtful if there is another family in the state of elsewhere that has as many highly trained professional men. One of her sons became an Internationally famed soil physicist. One newspaper article about him made the statement that there was not a soil physicist in the nation who had not at some time had some training from Williard Gardner. A grandson, Eugene Gardner, was one that helped to create the first atomic bomb. He died young from the effects of working with uranium, and is the first one in the Hall of Fame at Utah State University. Another son was the youngest General in the U.S. Army during World War II, he also aided in the dropping of the bomb on Japan and later was sent with the group who went back to Japan to see the results. (He said on his return that he was ashamed to admit that he had had anything

to do with such a horrible action.)

A grandson who is a national authority in the field of genetics is now gaining national fame in cancer research. There are so many others who are outstanding in scientific fields they are too numerous to mention. She has so many Ph.D.'s, M.D.'s, university professors and others on her family tree that they hang like ornaments on a Christmas tree.

The last mill to be brought into Pine Valley was done by Stanley Calkins, Henry Holt, and Edgar Whipple in the early 1900's and was placed in the Gulch below the valley. It was moved three times and changed hands repeatedly, but was last operated by Albert Bunker in the 1930's in Nay Canyon. The passing years had given a new crop of trees time to reach a usable size.



Here Carl Snow and Frank Snow, cousins, move the picnic tables into a u-shape in the picnic

are which has been reserved by the U.S. Forest Service weeks ahead for the residents of the valley.

Chapter 3

THE CATTLE BUSINESS

As lumbering began to decrease, foresighted men saw visions of wealth rolling out of the hills in the form of beef cattle. Snow fell deep in the 1880's, so grass grew lush and tall in the mountains. Many of the families who came south brought a few cows with them for domestic purposes, which gave them all a start. The first ones who came to the valley were some of the Texans who came first to Washington and brought some of their Texas Longhorns with them. The Slades brought the herd that Michael Goheen had collected and turned them out on the hills to graze. The big captial G, which they used to distinguish their cattle, was the first brand ever used in the country, it became familiar to everyone.

Many of the settlers who came with the Cotton Mission also brought some cattle with them, as soon as the forty day rain ceased the Pulsipher brothers were chosen to find grazing for all the cattle so took them all out to the Terry Ranch land where they found luxuriant pastures. Many of these were brought back to Pine Valley for the summers. In riding out in that vicinity the men came upon large herds of wild cattle running loose in Bull Valley and on the Beaver Dam Wash. Where these came from was a question, many theories were suggested: some said they were the off-spring of cows lost by travelers on the old Spanish Trail, others suggested that they could be from the ones owned by the unfortunate victims of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, but suffice it to say that they were there in large numbers and it was sometimes considered great sport to go shooting them

and were sometimes killed for beef to help feed the needy settlers. Some men trying to increase their herds roped and branded them thereby soon acquiring large herds.

In the period from about 1880 to the turn of the century many men not realizing the results of over-grazing, allowed their herds to increase as fast as nature would permit. The Renchers in Grass Valley who had the whole Rencher Mountain to themselves, amassed large numbers of both sheep and cattle. One man who knew them estimated that they had as many as 1200 head of cattle at one time. The Browns, Lorenzo and his sons, also accumulated a large herd. It seems that any man who ever has range cattle soon gets to the place that he never sees a blade of grass without wanting to put a cow on it or never hears of plentiful free feed without wishing to possess it. These two families feeling cramped in such a small territory and hearing of better feed grounds in a far country, both left and went to Arizona. Some of the Renchers started on back to Texas from whence they had come.

About this time the children of the early pioneers came to realize that the most readily available income was from cattle. The great packing houses of Chicago and Omaha were coming into their heyday. There were no restrictions on numbers, a man willing to put forth the effort could acquire as many cattle as he was willing to care for if he were thrifty. Sizable herds became the cheif interest of the rising young men. Robert Gardner's sons acquired squatters rights on the Rencher Mountain and the various canyons of Grass Valley;

Bennet Bracken ranged his large herd on the Whipple Mountain; the Jacobson brothers, James, Henry and Hyrum, sons of the Danish tanner, collected a herd so large that no one ever did know just how many they did have. They ranged theirs in Grassy Flat and various other places. Every farmer in town had some, so on those famous spring roundups every man had to either go himself or send a man to take his place.

Those were great days. The Wild West of song and story was no story here. It was a grim and thrilling reality. The cattle were all wintered in the lower warm country chiefly in the vicinity of the Beaver Dam Wash, Dammeron Valley, the Sand Cove and the Big Sand. When the time came to go on "The Drive" excitement reigned. The men who were to go were busy a day or so before leaving, shoeing horses, hunting hobbles, repairing saddles, nose sacks, lassos, etc. The women were equally busy cooking up food to last the men the three weeks they would be gone. Fresh bread, biscuits for lunches, cookies, 'turnover pies', roasts of beef, baked beans, bottled fruit, eggs packed in boxes of grain, anything that could be packed successfully was placed in a big 'grub box'. Towels, clean socks, shirts, garments and B.V.D.'s (nicknamed Bull Valley Darlings by the lads who wore them) were tucked in. The camp quilts were brought out, shaken, cleaned, mended, and rolled into huge canvas rolls to await the coming of the baggage wagon. It was usually driven by Stanley Calkins.

When the morning came for leave-taking the men were up early and on their way, the younger men in a holiday mood as if they were planning a pleasure trip. The boys in each family could hardly wait until they were old enough to go on the drive. Some hours later the baggage wagon would go from house to house to gather up the bed rolls and grub boxes. The women settled back to the job of getting along without the men, getting the cows milked, water tended, along with the regular work of caring for the home and family. In that period, seven children was

the smallest number produced by any mother in town. The children all rode stick or rock horses and for days played going on the drive or built miniature 'rip - gut' fence corrals of willows to hold their rock or bone flocks and herds.

The men went into the rough southern country and rode from daylight until dark bringing into a central location all the Pine Valley cattle they found. Each rode for the other as he did for himself. At night they came back to the central camping place and ate supper around the camp fire. They cooked frying pans of scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, opened canned foods, and along to the last made "Dough gods", baking powder biscuits baked in a bake oven over the camp fire. Some of the men became expert in making them, light as sea foam, tender as lettuce, and delicious with butter and the Curtiss strawberry and raspberry jam that always went along. They each dipped into the frying pan with his own fork or spoon and there is no record that a single one of them ever died of germs.

By the end of three weeks the food was about gone, the bread so hard that it could have been used for either food or ammunition, their clothes and bedding so dirty they looked like belongings of the Lamanites, often their clothes were so torn that huge and painful sunburned spots made them watchful of which side they slept on at night. The cattle were nervous, sore footed and tired and had to be nightherded, a job that was shoved off on to the younger members of the crowd because they did not know any better. While the young lads fought to keep awake as they took turns night herding, the older men made the surrounding hills echo with their snores.

Sometimes when the herd was large and the cattle worn out there would be a stampede, that most dis-heartening thing for such a time. One night the cry rang out, "Stampede", the men rushed for their saddles. John Thomas, who had no cattle of his own but had come along as a cook, raised up to see the scurrying men; he gave his

pillow another poke and lay back saying, "Blessed be nothing, for thoses who have must work." That has been the comfort speech for the "have-nots" ever since.

The same general regime was followed for about forty years so they knew about how far the cattle could travel in a day, so corrals were built at strategic spots along the trail to house the herd. The last night before getting home was usually spent in Gunlock where some of the residents have gone down in the annals of Pine Valley as being some of the great saints of all time. For years the men camped near Francis Bowler's corral where he often invited the famished men in to eat with his family. Good Sister Bowler who raised eleven children of her own, took it on the chin and baked hot biscuits for them. One cowboy told of coming into the town on a rainy night when Mrs. Wilford Holt took her children out of their beds, put them in beds on the floor and gave the wet cowboys their places.

Meanwhile, back home everyone waited impatiently for the drive to get back home. Sometimes the men managed to get close enough that they could come home to sleep and go back to the herd the next morning, or extra horses, turned loose, would show up at home, by these portents we knew that "The Drive" was nigh. All morning the children hung on the fences or climbed to the top of the barns watching for the first cow to make her appearance on top of the Ridge, as the west hill was called. Fortunate little boys who had ponies of their own would leave early and go down to meet the drive and could feel important in helping to drive them home. At last the dust could be seen when the first cows could be seen straggling over the hill to be followed by the hundreds coming behind. At the peak there were about 5,000 head of cattle owned by the entire town, of course, all of them were never brought together at one time, but it would take some hours for all of them to be driven the full length of the main street up to William Gardner's corral where they could be held and in the streets where they could

be separated by their various owners and taken home. Every able bodied person in town came out to the front fences and watched the bellowing, bleating herd go past with the dusty, weary cowboys following, shouting and urging them on their way. It was so gladdening to recognize some good old milk cow that had not been seen for so long. Rodeos are a little tame to the people who used to watch the drive come in.

After the main drive there was a second one down in the areas closer home, Diamond Valley, the Sand Cove and out to Tobin west of Gunlock. One year we remember well. In 1915, the R.B. Gardner family sold their home and farm and moved to Cedar City, but did not sell their cattle, they also kept his mother's home and some valuable pasture ground that he had inherited from his mother. For the next fifteen years their son, Fernleigh, came back spring and fall and lived at our house while he did the riding out to Tobin. He was far more like a brother to us from then on than a cousin, the relationship between him and our mother was beautiful to see. One year Fernleigh and our teen age brother, Spence, were chosen to go do the riding out on Tobin. They were to stay for a week, but there was no road in that country so the supplies had to be taken on a pack horse, so Mother spent the day baking fresh bread and other things to care for them. Her bread was the talk of the town, it came out of the oven golden brown and beautifully rounded, so she sent enough to feed them for a week. They left early one morning, but the next night just as we were ready to sit down to supper we heard the big gate open and the lock on the saddle house door click. Fernleigh and Spencer were back. Mother said, "But I don't have enough bread for supper, I sent yesterday's baking with them." When they came into the kitchen she said, "Don't you still have the bread I sent with you? It will still be fresh." They went out to their pack saddle but soon came back empty handed, explaining that the reason they were home so soon was that when they got down to Tobin they

were on their way to a certain spot when they met two cowboys from Santa Clara who were also riding there and told them that they had already cleared about all the cattle out that were there, so said our boys could just as well go back home. However they offered to take the pack horse back to relieve them of the bother, which they did. Then Fernleigh saw the light, he remembered that they had said they had been there so long that they had run out of bread, which explained where the bread had gone. Mother probably made pancakes for supper.

The years went by, Spence left home and took an M.D. degree from Rush Medical and came back to Salt Lake to practice where he had an office in the same building with a dentist who was also from Dixie. Sometimes when the dentist had a patient who had to have a general anesthetic he would ask Spence to administer it, which he willingly did. One day he came in and asked the favor, so Spence went in and there was one of the men from Santa Clara who had a daughter who was to get the anesthetic. Spence gave it and when the work was finished the father turned to Spence to ask what his charges were. Spence reported to us that he was just about on the verge of say 'nothing, I was glad to be of service', as he often did, then he remembered the bread. Then he said, "I soaked him plenty."

Cattle buyers came to town spring and fall and would go from corral to corral to select the steers they would buy. Some were too choosy and went away without being able to get any, but in the main they bought most of the ones for sale. Quite a number came back for a number of years. Among these were Pete Delamue, Mr. Sanders, Glen Tebbs, Mr. McCune, Mode Andrus and others. Jews came sometimes, their strange foreign expressions are still quoted in the village. The cattle then had to be delivered in Modena to be shipped to Chicago, Omaha, or later Los Angeles. Now another day of preparation was necessary but this time it was only for a few

days instead of weeks. The cattle were trailed on foot for the forty miles over the hills to Grass Valley, down the canyon to Pinto, on to the Old Castle then across the endless miles of dust and heat of the Escalante Desert. Sometimes just one check was made out for the entire herd to one man who would come home then divide it among the other men. They were all so familiar with the whole deal that there was never any difficulty about any one getting his fair share. This was the main income for the year for most families supplemented by smaller amounts received for grain and potatoes.

One year a rather interesting thing happened. The Jacobson brothers had just one common herd, the oldest brother, Jim, who had learned a little more about reading and arithmetic than the others, as they were never permitted to go to school, took over the management of the business, he collected the money, paid taxes and other bills, then gave his other brothers a hundred dollars a year to live on. One year the big cattle check was given to Lawrence Bracken since his father had the most cattle to sell, so Lawrence, not knowing the situation, divided the Jacobson money in thirds giving each one his share. The younger brothers, Henry and Hyrum whose wives did all their business were amazed at the size of their checks. They saw the light and from then on when there was a cattle sale Alma, Henry's teen age son, was sent to the corral to count the numbers sold, so they continued to get their rightful share.

Before the coming of banks to Dixie the cattle were paid for in greenbacks. Bennet Bracken had the largest single herd for a number of years, it came close to 5,000 at one time. His daughter, Ida, was a close friend of Maude Rencher from Grass Valley. Maude told the story of being invited to Ida's for dinner one Fourth of July shortly after a cattle sale. While the girls were busy with the preparation of dinner, Bennet slipped away into the big front bedroom of the house, it was easily 18 feet square, and shortly after opened the door and called the

girls to see. At the doorway they looked in to see that he had carpeted the entire floor with greenbacks.

Bennet's home was the first one to have water piped into it and the huge front parlour was carpeted with luxurious Brussels carpet sprinkled over with big red roses. Ida had a piano and Lawrence had the first car in the village. It was one of Henry's models and gave most of the villagers their first car ride.

Some of the other big cattle owners gave evidence of their wealth in their homes. In Reuben Gardner's parlour there was a beautiful hanging Rochester lamp with prisms that gave one glimpse of fairyland, and a parlour set upholstered in deep red plush. "Uncle Jode" Burgess bought "Aunt Emma" a parlour set and "states" carpet. The first car in both of these families was a Buick sedan.

The first cattle that came into the country were a mixture of whatever kinds people chanced to bring as they came. The Slades probably brought Texas longhorns, and no one knows the kind that were running within Bull Valley, but near the turn of the century a change began to take place, as the advantages of careful cattle breeding began to be discussed, so the forward looking men began to experiment. James G. Rencher had a Hereford bull which he kept for some time, about 1910 Reuben and Ozro Gardner brought in another one, Lawrence and Wallace Bracken sons of Bennet, brought in one known as Old Frenchy, the first one that remained for any length of time. In 1914 the Branch Normal School in Cedar City was changed into a Branch of the Agricultural College in Logan. That year Bruce Snow, Fernleigh and G.S. (Rass) Gardner attended the school where a small herd of pure bred Herefords had been brought in for demonstration purposes. The boys studied cattle breeding and related subjects for only a short time, but came home with their heads full of new ideas.

Old Frenchy had come from a well-bred herd of Herefords in Nevada. John Whipple,

son of Eli and Caroline Whipple, had moved from Pine Valley to Sunnyside, Nevada where he developed a large ranch and had pure bred Herefords for sale. In December of 1916, Fernleigh and Bruce, then about 23 years old, drove a wagon to Sunnyside and purchased three young Hereford bulls for \$100 each. On the return trip they were caught in an unusually cold spell. A tin pan they had with them still bears the marks of where they cut pie from the tin with an ax, but they succeeded in getting home with the animals in good condition. All three bulls lived to be old and left numerous offspring.

About this same time Mason and "Rass" Gardner, sons of Reuben, also secured some pure bred and history was made. In 1920 these same four men went to an Ogden Stock show and bought some pure bred cows. The Gardners paid the unheard of price of \$1,000 for a registered bull a short time later. About the same time Ozro and sons Rex and Fenton Gardner went to a well known cattle breeder in Charleston, Utah and brought back about a dozen head of registered breeding stock. The day of the "horn and hide" cow was doomed. In a matter of only a few years there was hardly an animal that was not almost pure bred. Although the number of cattle each man could put on the forest has been restricted time and again by the Forest Service, the over all number has been cut from 5,000 to about 1200, the cattle business continued to be a very profitable one. The quality was such that cattle buyers came every year anxious to buy the cattle that had become pretty well known for their superiority. The long trip to the railroad was forgotten. Huge trucks came in and carried the cattle away.

It became very evident that the aristocratic Hereford could not survive on the same treatment that had been accorded the lowly longhorn and had to be treated with more respect, consequently the raising of hay became more important. Cattle were turned on the Forest Reserve during the summers with the choicest ones being kept in pastures close at home. During the

home and fed, even the ones turned on the winter ranges and watched carefully were brought home to be fed if they became too thin. The school in the village closed permanently in 1919 as there were too few children left to justify a school. This made it mandatory for the young mothers to move to get their children in school, which left the men alone to batch it as they fed the cattle. This was the most disagreeable feature of the business. There were a number of years when there was hardly a woman left in the valley during the winter, nearly all lived in St. George. Some of the men began experimenting with pasturing practically all their ground in the summer, moving the cattle to St. George or other warmer climates and buying hay to feed them. This made better cattle to market, so soon all the men followed this plan. There were a number of winters when the valley was practically deserted during some winter months.

The dairy cow was always important in each family. In the first years everyone kept a corral full of the non-descript cows to milk. They were turned out into the foothills during the day to feed then brought back at night to be milked. As the years went by, experience proved that two or three good Jerseys pastured would produce much more milk, cream and butter than a whole corral full of range cows.

Everyone soon acquired a separator and found that they could supply their own needs and ship some cream to the big creameries and almost pay the grocery bill with the cream checks.

Grass grows tall and thick in all the lanes and streets so the cattlemen, many years ago, agreed that every permittee could place a stipulated number of cattle in the streets, the milk cows were sometimes chosen as the ones to feed there so they spent the days there, but had to be hunted at milking time to come home. The evening walk was one of the pleasures of the day, and the abundance of cream, milk and butter in the kitchen made meal planning and cooking another

pleasure. In the fall after the crops were gathered, there was still an abundance of feed left in the fields, so the milk cows were turned in to clean it up. The cows then gave a great deal more milk than at other times, so often the farmers wives would exchange milk with one another to make enough at a milking to justify going to the work of making cheese, which was a most welcome supplement to the diet in winter.

In the very early years Eli Whipple took his wife and some of his grand-children into the beautiful valleys and mountains east of the valley and built a cabin. The mountain still bears his name, the Whipple Mountain; to which they carried on pack horses wooden tubs, pails, a cheese press and other essentials for making cheese and butter. The grass grew knee high all summer so they stayed there making enough that it supplied their own needs and there was more that could be taken to Salt Lake and traded in to Z.C.M.I. for other goods. The valley has since been known as "Cabin Valley" though the house fell to pieces many years ago, but anyone who ever saw the valley could never be quite the same again, for it is one of the most beautiful spots on earth, the memory of which can "Flash upon the inward eye and bring the bliss of solitude."

One summer in the 'teen years' when the folks of the valley used to make pleasure trips into the mountains, the cabin was still in pretty good condition. Dilworth Beckstrom and Linna Snow rode into the valley and made their way across it to the cabin, he opened the door and a frightened cow shot out of it to freedom. She had wandered in to it and the door had swung shut behind her leaving her a prisoner forever had they not chanced to come by.

The Ranchers in Grass Valley made enormous amounts of butter and cheese at their place there and shipped it to Salt Lake for many years. Robert Gardner attempted a similar work in Bear Valley on the Grass Valley Mountain but the wife who went there to do the work became ill and the

experiment was given up, but the little log cabin, the corral and the cheese press were a land mark there many years after he and his wives were sleeping at the foot of the Cedar Hill.

Though the natural pastures made the valley an ideal place for the dairy business, there was no market until the coming of the second World War when so many from the East moved to Las Vegas and there was a crying need for dairy products. In 1947, Earl Bleak, a grandson of Asa Calkins, the early grist mill owner, Ralston Barber and Bruce Snow constructed a modern dairy where

they produced Grade A milk and shipped it daily to Las Vegas. For winter they went to St. George. They went where they thought they were far out of the city limits and purchased ground for their barns, corrals and the milk house. Others seeing their set-up, immediately moved in adjacent to them and in a very short time the area for several acres around was filled with places for livestock. With the great influx of population which has occurred in recent years, the ground is being crowded by the residential area. The ground that was purchased for \$125 an acre now goes at astronomical prices.



Unlike most large picnics where each family brings its own food, the Pine Valley picnickers apportion various food items to one or two families,

some other item to another family and one or two families will bring enough of a certain item for the entire group.

Chapter 4

THE HORSES

The cattle business is operated with horses. The first pioneers to come to Pine Valley all had to have work horses, they were the sole means of transportation and heavy work and continued to be until years later when they were replaced by the automobile and tractor, but it was the saddle horse that was most prized. Many people brought some with them and prized them highly. Many raised them and some bred them for sale along with cattle, but they had not been in the hills very long until they found large bands of wild horses ranging in near by hills and valleys. One large open space gained the name of Horse Valley because there were so many running there. It was great sport to go chase and try to rope them. Some were shot, but the height of good luck was when one managed to catch one and bring it home to gentle it. Quite a number of the young men in the early nineteen hundreds caught themselves a saddle horse, some were not very valuable but some were decidedly superior and were trained into most excellent, intelligent cow ponies. This was explained when it was remembered that the Spaniards had crossed over the old Spanish Trail more than a century earlier and could easily have lost horses then it was remembered that Spain was conquered by the Arabs, so the superior Arabian horses could have been the ancestors of the wild ones. Two that everyone in town knew all about were a strawberry roan, Tige, of Fernleigh Gardner's, a bay with a white stripe in the face called Bay Johnny that Bruce Snow tamed. Both boys later possessed Thoroughbreds and other high

bred horses but always claimed that they never had any that were better, and loved them to the end. Most of the men had horses that they felt were about like members of the family.

In the late nineteen twenties some government agency had the idea of up-grading horses, so they sent some Thoroughbred stallions into southern Utah, one, a beautiful dark brown, landed in Pine Valley where all the men took turns in feeding and caring for it. Practically every man raised at least one of his offspring, several took great pride in owning them. There are still some of his offspring several generations down in the country.

Levi Snow had the misfortune to be left a widower with six children to care for, the youngest one a girl of five and a boy of three. In summer he found that the best way to tend them was to put them on a good old gentle horse. It was especially true of Gwen. She and a cousin, Ted Snow, who was just her age spent long hours on their horses. One Sunday they had planned to ride during the afternoon. It was Gwen's turn to help wash the dishes which she refused to do. Her sister, Cherril, appealed to their father for help. He told Gwen she could not take the horse if she did not help with the dishes. She sulked and would not do it and also refused to go to Church. When the family had all gone Ted appeared ready to ride so she told him of her predicament. Ted quickly solved the problem. He said, "He didn't tell me that I could not ride your horse, so I'll ride him and you can take mine." When the folks were coming out of the chapel the kids

were just riding past it. when Levi and Ted's mother saw them and took in the situation, Ted's mother turned to Levi and said, "You have my consent to spank that boy of mine." Levi replied, "If they are that much smarter than I am, let them go."

At our house brother Bruce had a tendency to trade horses. One spring he came home with a mule he had traded for, he kept it for a number of years, and before he was traded off all the family agreed that it was the smartest animal on the farm including the people. He proved that he could think what we were all thinking and he could out think us. He was the breachiest creature on record. His pasture was separated from one of the Gardner's by a wire fence which could be seen from our front porch. Someone would look out and see the mule in the Gardner's pasture so would start out to get him back into his own pasture. He would stand calmly and go on feeding until just before the person got almost up to him when he would quickly leap over the fence back into his own feeding lot. The person would then start back home but just as he got to the gate the mule would leap back into the neighbor's pasture.

The corral at home was made of horizontally laid poles, the mule would climb them just like a cat until he got to the top one then would slide on over lighting on his feet. One day Fernleigh and Bruce watched him do this repeatedly and after they had moved him back into his corral several times they decided to teach him a lesson. They tied a rope to one foot so it would trip him and land him on his back with a hard bump, then they hid to watch him fall. He reached down with his teeth, tried the rope to see if it were fastened securely, and on finding that it was, he lay quietly down and made no effort to climb the fence. They unfastened it and within seconds he went over the fence. Spence named him Bishop.

Many of the horses became about like members of the family. The children loved them like closest friends and spent much of their childhood riding them. Mace Gardner

purchased Old Radjo, a retired race horse. His small sister, Effie, almost literally grew up on him. She could ride about like a clothes pin fastened to him. It was in the days before the Rodeos became so famous or she would been a perpetual rodeo queen. In later years Mace said she could well take the place of an extra hired man when it came to handling cattle.

Rass Gardner had an especially loved Old Diamond, whom they had raised from a colt. How well he paid off in his later years! Rass had the misfortune to lose an eye while he was still a young man, he became almost totally blind in his later years, so he was unable to do so many of the things he had always been accustomed to, but he refused to give up. In his last years, he and Old Diamond were able to look after a good many chores, for the horse understood him so well.

Bruce Snow chanced to get a black mare of extra good blood, he kept her and her offspring for many generations. The horses were so very intelligent that he was able to keep working with them for several years before he died. His sons still keep some of the stock. Bruce had three boys who were raised on horses. They started riding at such an early age that they cut their teeth on bridle reins.

Karl Snow loved to get on his little sorrel and streak up through town. He had red hair and freckles. He went so fast that it was hard to tell where the horse ended and Karl began.

With all the dozens of horses raised in the valley and with all the children who were practically raised on them, it was nothing short of a miracle that there was but one fatal accident. In the summer of 1895, Reuben Gardner was called to go to Scotland on a mission, it was the home of his parents. He left his wife with six children, also pregnant with another one. His brothers, Ozro and William, were left to care for his farm and cattle with the aid of his teenage son, Reuben, Jr. In October of 1896 the men were just preparing to gather the cattle from

the summer ranges, some were already collected. One morning, young Reuben and a neighbor, Arthur Bracken were driving a herd down Main Street. When they reached fourth west, the cattle turned and started down a side street. Reuben turned quickly to head them back. It had rained the night before so the corner was slippery. The horse fell throwing the boy off, but caught one foot in the stirrup. He was dragged some distance through a rip-gut fence.

The story is told that Bench Burgess was working on the roof of his barn in the nearby lot and saw the accident. He jumped some thirty feet to a shed below and on to the ground and picked the boy up. He was still alive, but unconscious. He was quickly taken to a nearby home, but died a short time later. It was a never-to-be-forgotten tragedy. His father returned at once from his mission. The mother never did quite recover from the shock. Each time she watched the other brothers and their father start off on a cattle drive they left her with a prayer in her heart. After more than a hundred years, Reuben's baby picture, enlarged to several feet square, still hangs over the mantle in the mother's bedroom. A small box containing a lock of his hair and small scraps of the beautiful material his burial clothes were made of is treasured by the family.

Although everyone lived and loved horses, Rex Gardner seemed to have a special knack with them in breaking and gentling them. They seemed to have an understanding of each other. Often on holidays horse

races offered the most entertaining sport. Rex was always chosen as one of the jockeys. He was not very heavy, so when it came time for the race he would kick off his cowboy boots to lighten the load, mount the horse, then would lean over and tell the horse what he wanted him to do. The horse seemed to understand, for he never lost a race he rode in. On his last race he said he decided to quit while his record was unbroken.

In his later years he sold his cattle, but always kept a few horses of which he was especially proud. One of the last ones, Old Tony, a beautiful black with four white feet and a white strip face. He seemed to recognize that he was of royal blood. When Edna Ray, Rex's oldest daughter, was chosen as an attendant to the Rodeo Queen, she rode Old Tony. While the Queen's mount, a beautiful palamino, was jerking from side to side and helping to spoil the parade, Old Tony with his neck arched at just the right angle stepped out perfectly like he was the best man in a wedding march.

The last horse he had was a beautiful purebred palamino, rightly named "Old Pal" for the youngest grandchild was safe on his back. When Mary Ester, the youngest daughter, was chosen Rodeo Queen, it was "Old Pal" she rode. And what a beautiful pair they made, for she was a blonde too. They looked as if they were made for each other.

Chapter 5

FARMING

Since Erastus Snow was early connected to the Iron Mission in Cedar City, he likely became familiar with the Dixie Country to the south, so would have been familiar with the forests of Pine Valley. When the main group of colonists came to St. George the lumber men already mentioned, were told that they were to go to Pine Valley for lumber. There is practically no evidence that any of them attempted to do any farming. The rich black soil must have tempted them. The first one to attempt raising anything was Robert Gardner, who had attempted to run his sawmill on the lot later given to his wife Leonora, the one now owned by the Malin Cox family. The water used for the mill came from a small spring he had found on the hill a block or so above the mill. According to Bleak's journal, he plowed up an acre or so of ground north of the mill and used the water from the tail race to irrigate it. This gave the settlers in the Upper Town ideas and they began to plant vegetable gardens. Lorenzo Brown spoke frequently of planting vegetables.

The problem then was as now, a grievous lack of water; since Santa Clara had been settled first, they claimed a prior right to all the water in the Santa Clara Creek. The people in Pine Valley had a sore need to raise at least part of their food, so the third summer they lived there, an experiment was tried out to see just how use of water at the upper end of the stream affected the flow at the lower end. Thirteen acres were plowed, planted and irrigated, but it did not seem to decrease the flow at the other end of the stream. According to the journal of John

Stucki, the crops in Santa Clara were better than they had ever been before. They felt that the Lord had blessed them for being willing to share their water. Accordingly, the City Council of St. George, who had been given control of the water rights on the Santa Clara Creek, in 1865 increased the water rights given to Pine Valley and permitted them to begin farming on a small scale to further check the effect it would have on the flow to the places below. Again it was proved that using the water at the head of the stream seemed to increase rather than decrease the flow in the stream.

In order to make the experiment worth while in farming, it was evident that more ground should be used. About a mile or so west of the original town, there was about six hundred acres of land which could be farmed. Accordingly, in the spring of 1866 a general move began. Following the example that had been used all over the state, a tract of land containing approximately forty acres located West of the land and north of the public square was fenced to protect it from cattle, then the interior was divided among the men who had done the work. For many years this was known as "middle field." The farming fulfilled their fondest dreams, grain grew abundantly. Reuben Gardner said he had seen it so thick that one could throw a hat into a growing grain patch and it would support the hat. The natural grass or "wild hay" as it was called, grew knee high wherever there was any water, and the potatoes raised in that cool climate were so delicious that they soon became the basis of most meals.

At some point in history, someone came into the valley with a new kind of potato, their name was Mashanick or Meshanick, the name is no longer in the dictionary but they were distinctive. They were ill shaped, knotty, with scabby skins, but once cut they were about snow white, shot through with deep purple splashes; too pretty to throw away, but the flavor was not to be forgotten, either raw or cooked. Eaten raw with a little piece of rock salt they were as good as an apple or better. When boiled and mashed they fluffed up like a cloud and were so good one could hardly ever get quite enough of them. Because of their faults, they were not raised to be sold, but about every farmer raised enough for the use of his own family.

As years went by the cattle became so important, raising enough hay became the challenge for all who were looking anxiously to "get ahead", so both alfalfa and wild hay became of major importance and became the most difficult work of the year. At first it was cut with a sythe then raked by hand and laboriously hauled to the barn for the winter use.

An interesting story is told of the first mowing machine in the valley. One winter a strange young man came to the village asking for work and a place to stay. Eli Whipple, being the most affluent at the time, took him in and cared for him during the winter. Spring came, the boy went his way and the Whipples almost forgot him. Years passed, one day Eli received word that there was freight for him at the new railroad station in Milford. He made arrangements to get the freight brought to him. Imagine his amazement when it proved to be the first mowing machine ever seen in this section of the state. Engraved upon the metal plate attached to the tongue were the words "Cast your bread upon the waters and after many days it shall return."

Naturally, as time passed more modern implements came to the valley. One of the most helpful was the thing known as the Hay Fork. Up to now the hay was first cut with a mowing machine, raked into winnrows by a

one horse rake then piled into piles known as "cocks" then pitched onto a huge hay rack and taken to the barn where it was again put inside a forkful at a time. Two to four men or boys were needed as the hay had to be re-arranged to fill all the empty spaces in the barn. When the first "hay fork" arrived it was a revelation. It was a huge fork that could be pushed into the loaded hay and take up many forkfuls at a time. A metal track had to be fastened into the comb of the barn running from end to end. The fork attached to wheels could then be drawn across the track pulled by a patient horse fastened to a steel cable to where the loaded fork was to be unloaded. One man stood on the loaded hay rack to fill the fork and lock it. A second one was stationed in the barn to unload the fork, A third one led the horse until the man in the barn signaled him that it was in the right place. Every barn in town was furnished with a track within a very short time after the first one was demonstrated. This method continued until the coming of the modern tractor and hay baler, when most of the work was done by machinery. By this time most of the cattle were being fed in winter in warmer southern places, so the summer was spent by the men in hauling hay to their feed yards.

Grain was the other important crop raised by the farmers, since horses were of such importance oats made a good cash crop, and everyone raised enough wheat to supply bread for his family as well as feed for chickens and pigs. Very soon after the first sawmills were established, Asa Calkins built a grist mill across the road from the Whipple mill, where he could use water from the tail race of the Whipple mill as his source of power. Asa came to St. George with the others who came in December 1862, where he became one of the important men in the group. He had been a member of the Supreme Court in New York when he joined the Church, so his training in law was useful to the settlers. He never did come to Pine Valley to live, but acquired a large tract of

land on which he built the mill. He always hired trained men to operate his mill. Henry Heath was the first miller and ran it until he moved to Bunkerville in about 1880. The mill immediately supplied a great demand, the first grist was ground when Henry Chadburn came up from his ranch, which was twelve miles down the Santa Clara Creek, carrying fifty pounds of grain on his back. The grist had not more than been dumped into the hopper, when David Canfield came walking in from his ranch at Mountain Meadows with a similar amount of grain on his back.

The second miller was Charles Bennet who not only ground the flour for his customers, but kept them entertained by the rhymes he liked to put in their filled sacks. The said rhymes became a part of the local folklore. Bro. Knell, from over at Pinto, thought if wheat could make good cereal why wouldn't oats make good oatmeal. So with his grist he sent some oats along. His filled bag contained the following:

Brother Knell, Brother Knell
I'd hate like hell
With you to dwell
And eat your meal.



Sometimes it stormed during threshing season and the grain became so damp that it would sometimes mold, so someone got the idea that if sandstones were placed in the bins they would absorb the moisture and save the grain. R.B. Gardner tried it, but when he sent his grain to the mill to be ground he failed to remove all the rocks. He received the following verse:

Of grinding bones I've often read of
Of grinding stones I've never heard of,
But if for bread you want me to fix 'em
Send 'em separate and please don't mix 'em

After the Calkins' mill was no longer operating, men from all over the Dixie country would make a trip about once a year to the grist mill in Washington and get enough flour to last his family a year. In every home there was a bin which would hold several hundred pounds of flour, so it was easy to see when they were getting low enough to have to make another trip. Since the families in Pine Valley ranged from seven to twelve children each, it was common for many of the mothers to mix and bake six to ten huge loaves of bread each week. It was truly the staff of life, and fortunate we were that the wheat raised in that high altitude was so very good and made such good bread.

The pie and ice cream holds out longer than the urge for it, though the line may go around twice or more before everyone gives up. Liz Beckstrom gives the people in line their choice of served delicious varieties of the sort of pies that melt in your mouth.

Chapter 6

THRESHING SEASON

Around the turn of the century, grain, particularly wheat and oats, were the major farm crops in Pine Valley. Wheat was used for each family's flour as well as feed for the pigs and chickens. Oats were used for horse feed. For many years grain had been threshed by a machine belonging to some of the natives plus one from Pinto that was jointly owned by Benjamin Knell and James B. Bracken, Jr. When the latter machine grew old, a number of industrious farmers joined together to purchase a new machine. These men were three of the sons of Robert Gardner, Jr., one of the original pioneers. They were Rueben, Robert Berry, (known as R.B.) and Ozro, who became the grandfather of the present President of the University of Utah, David P. Gardner, and two brothers-in-law, Jeter and Frank Snow. For the next twenty years this machine threshed all the grain in the valley.

The grain was cut in the fields by a binder and dropped in bundles tied by what was known as binding twine. These bundles were then picked up by hand and placed into shocks and left to ripen or season. Threshing season was one of the times we looked forward to. The grain was cut and hauled during September, and stacked in the barnyards to wait for the threshing crew to come in October. When the cold frosty days of October came around, men from the surrounding towns came to work the machine to get grain for their stock and to grind into flour. Grain raised in Pine Valley made better flour than that raised in Dixie. Will Gray, with his sons Wall and Alden, would bring his big gray team up from Santa

Clara. Nell and Harry Pearce, Charl Laub and Bill Herridance would come from St. George.

A few days before threshing began, the men of the town would get out the machine, grease and overhaul it. It was kept in a shed up to Uncle William Gardner's. When they got out the great red machine and drove it through town it looked like a huge monster to us children who would run along at the side and spell out the large green and white letters "J.I. CASE THRESHING MACHINE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN." The machine would be drawn into someone's barnyard and placed between the great stacks of wheat and oats. The horse power would be placed a few rods away. Then the men would get out their great heavy sledge hammers and make the air ring as they drove the metal stakes into the ground to hold the horse power stationary. There would be a rattle of trace chains, and clanging of steel rods and iron bars as they fastened the six pairs of horses to the power to make it go.

Uncle R.B. Gardner and Alden Gray or Pete Beckstrom and Bill Herridance would climb to the feeder's stand to cut the twine bands and feed the shocks of grain into the great teeth of the cylinder. They would take turns doing this. Someone walked around and over the machine to keep it oiled. The pitchers would climb the stacks of grain by mounting the tables on each side of the cylinder mouth then drive their pitch forks into the stacks and pull themselves the rest of the way up. The strawstackers, pitchforks in hand, would make their way to the tail of

the machine. Uncle Oz Gardner would mount the square platform above the huge greasy cog-wheels of the horse power. Around this, the horses traveled countless times pulling at the ends of the sweeps. As they went, it made the tumbling rod that ran through a knuckle joint, turn around very swiftly. This carried the motion to the cylinder and made it go. Uncle Oz kept the horses going at an even steady gait by tapping them with his whip and calling, "Hoy, Hoy". We children of the town gathered around the stackyards, looked on, and longed to get up and sit by him. Our chief goal in life though was to get upon the feeder's stand and watch the cylinder go round and round with its great teeth. Frank Snow, my "Pa" sat at the side of the machine to catch the grain and measure it as it came pouring out into a half bushel then empty it into the sacks that were being held close by, by the men who were called the carriers.

When each man was stationed at his post, Uncle Oz would give the signal by calling out, "Pull on the belt." One man pulled on the big leather belt to give the machine a start. The straining horses, with out stretched necks, would slowly begin the monotonous dreary journey ahead of them. The cog-wheels of the horse power would begin to buzz, the tumbling rod to whirl, the cylinder to turn, and the face wheel would begin to hum. Golden bundles of grain were tossed down from the huge stacks to the tables, on the sides of the machine. for Bill Herridance or Alden Grey the bandcutters, to sever the bands of twine and hand them to Pete Beckstrom, Will Grey or Uncle R.B. Gardner to feed into the hungry teeth of the cylinder. The men at the rear of the machine, wallowing in straw up to their waists, worked swiftly to remove the golden heap as it fluttered and whirled down by the snaking movement of the straw carrier. Here Brother Frank Adlard, with his nose, mouth, and dark beard covered with a red bandana, worked at the very tail end of the machine. A yellow stream of wheat came pouring out of

the spout at the side of the machine, to be caught in a half bushel measure. It came in such a stream that the grain carriers were forced to trot across the barnyard and up a slanting plank into the grainary, empty their sacks into the bins, and trot back in order to keep the grain from piling up around pa and burying him under. Once when Uncle Nat was catching the grain, after Pa died, someone's hat blew off and flew into the cylinder mouth. When it came pouring out, he thought someone had fallen into the machine. He jumped up and shouted out, "God, stop the machine. We've run a man through." We children loved to crawl up into the straw pile where the men often playfully tossed forks full of light fragrant stalks upon us. We liked to climb into the grain bins, remove our shoes and stockings and push back the cool damp grain. Great clouds of dust and chaff whirled and flew into the clear blue autumn sky to be carried away by the fall winds. The sound of the machine would rise and fall on the clear frosty air. When the machine was full and well fed, it gave a sleepy droning growl. When it was empty, the sound would rise to a shrill piercing howl like a hungry animal roaring for food. We children would stand by and see who was brave enough to jump over the tumbling rod. Once when we were playing by it, Vere Beckstrom tied a twine to each of his thumbs and dangled them above the whirling rod. Like the swift motion of a snake reaching for its prey, the rod caught the ends of the twine and began twisting them around. Uncle R.B. Gardner, who happened to be close by, saw the situation and hurriedly kicked the brace from under the rod and stopped the machine just in time to keep Vere from losing his fingers. We children received such a scolding that none of us dared go near the rod before the next season.

When they were threshing at our place Ma would come to the back door and call dinner, Uncle Oz would begin to call, "Wh-o-o, steady boys" to get the horses to stop. The men on stacks stuck their pitch

forks upright and slid down to the tables of the machine, then jump to the ground. Bill Herridance would slip from his wrist the buckskin string that was attached to the great knife he used to cut the bands with, and slip to the ground. The straw stackers slid down from the pile of straw, and the chaff pitchers crawled out of the feathery itchy mass of thick dust and flying chaff. The men began to remove their goggles and rub a bandana or jumper sleeve across their dusty brows. Their white teeth and damp spots around their eyes, covered by the goggles, made their dust blackened faces look like negroes. The men, who owned the teams, would make for the horse power to get their horses so they could unharness and grain them.

The dusty crowd would soon gather in our back yard. Here, they would take off their greasy chaff covered hats, their sweaty dusty blue checked or denim jumpers and shake them good, then hang them on a bush or the clothes line posts. Ma would have a wash dish and a bar of Ivory Soap on the old stump in our back yard, a boiler of hot water, and some clean crash towels hung on the bushes around the cottonwood tree by our back door. Then the men would turn their shirt collars in and soap their dusty faces, arms, hands, and necks. Then they would splatter water over their faces, arms, hair, and back of necks, and splash, splutter, hawk and spit. With soapy water dripping from their chins and noses, they would grope blindly for the towels and wipe off the dirty water leaving the clean towels streaked and soapy. Pa would bring out a comb, and they would comb their hair in front of the little brown framed mirror that hung on the back of the house just for this occasion.

Ma would have two tables set end to end to make a table long enough for all those hungry men. While she and Linna put on the food, Liz and I proudly filled the glasses with sparkling cold water from the well in our back yard. The men would come in and sit awkwardly around the front room waiting

and having little to say. Sometimes Charl Laub and Harry Pearce would talk to us children who were standing close by curiously watching the men's every move. Once Harry Pearce tried to get Spence to talk to him. Spence was little, white haired and shy. It was in the fall of the year when the days were warm but the nights were chilly. We had the fireplace open for evening fires. As Harry talked to Spence, Spence kept backing off because he was so bashful. He backed right into the fireplace and got soot all over his white hair.

Ma cooked for the threshers like she cooked for company or Thanksgiving. That was one of the few days that we ever had tea or coffee on our table. I used to think that it was made wholly for old folks and the threshers. Whenever the question of tea or coffee was discussed in our house, Ma always said, "No, we never use it. I keep just a little on hand in case of company or the threshers."

When Ma announced that everything was ready, the men crowded forward to find a seat. When they were all seated Ma would call on Pete Beckstrom to say the blessing. (She called it grace when we had company.)

Then the men would attack their food like hungry wolves. They gulped down steaming cups of hot coffee, gobbled up great bites of potatoes heaped high on their forks, and soon stripped chicken bones bare. We hungry children stood by and watched every movement as the men, with their heaped forks, carried cakes and pies to their mouths. When even the gauntest of them was finally filled up they would rub their hairy toil worn hands across their clean shaven or bearded lips, push back their chairs, and file out through the kitchen to the back yard. Once in the back yard, some would go get their teams, that were now cooled off and take them up to Uncle Jeter Snow's water box to be watered. Others would lounge in the shade while Pete or Wall Grey went over the machine to test belts and oil parts that needed it. Noon was never very long. As soon as the horses were

watered the men began to don hats, jumpers, and goggles. Soon the roar and hum of the machine would begin again.

When the men worked at our house, the table was left set all the time. Pa would help Ma then. He would cut ham and turn the bread mixer the night before so Ma could make light dough bisquits for breakfast. Ma never dreamed that she could fix breakfast without hot bread for it. We children would be awakened early the next morning long before daylight by the rattle of chains and the crunching of men's heavy boots on the hard frozen ground as they shivered and worked in the frosty air. The men gathered around the table and ate by lamplight. When we children scrambled into our clothes and entered the warm cozy kitchen the men would already be hitching their teams to the horse power ready for the day's

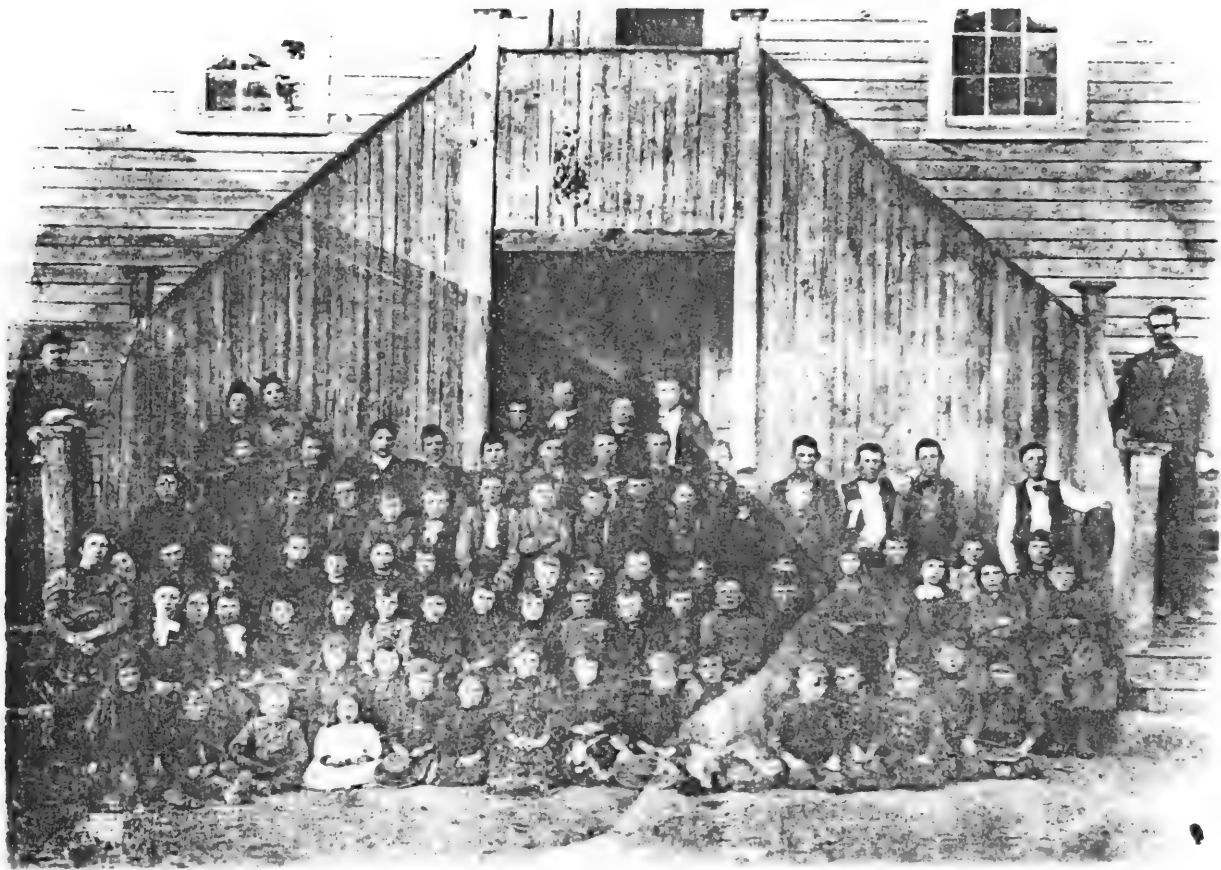
work.

After the threshing machine left the barnyards, we children loved to run around the track that had been left by the countless trips of the horse's feet around the horse power.

For about twenty years, this last threshing machine threshed all the grain in the valley. In 1912, Frank Snow, (Pa) died, so that fall his eighteen year old son Bruce, took his father's place and did the measuring. He reported that in that year, 5,000 bushels of grain went over his knees. As automobiles gradually replaced horses, oats lost its use to a great extent. The cattle business increased in importance, so hay began to replace grain to the place that it was planted only to help get new pieces of hay started to grow. The thresher became a relic of the past.



Here is Mrs. Erastus Gardner, wife of the state Representative from Southern Utah, as she pulls a sizzling pan of baked beans from her oven. They will be kept hot until picnic time in the dutch ovens on top of the wood stove.



PINE VALLEY CHURCH

Erected 1868, under the direction of Bishop William Snow and counselors Harrison Burgess and Eli Whipple. Ebenezer Bryce, a ship builder by trade, for whom Bryce Canyon was named, was the architect.



Part of the Pine Valley congregation entering their little New England-designed Church built by Ebenezer Bryce, Shipwright, later cattleman who grazed his herds in and near the canyon which now bears his name. The Church, oldest in Washington County, Utah, built in 1867, was put together as were the ships of early days with wooden pegs and rawhide strips substituting for nails.

PINE VALLEY CHURCH

1. **LUMBER** Sawed by Gardner, Bryce, Burgess, and Whipple Mills.
2. **CARPENTERS** William Gardner, William Snow, Horatio Pickett, Elmer, Mr. Nelson, Mr. McNelly working under Bryce's directions.
3. **LATH** From the same sawmills listed above. Lathed by Oscar Bentley with help from others.
4. **SHINGLES** Cut by James B. Bracken Sr. and Ebenezer Bryce. The old split shingles.
5. **PLASTERING** and decorative molding around the ceiling, stage arch and light fixtures George Jarvis.
6. **PAINTING** and paneling inside. David Milne had charge of the painting with his son, Alec, Joe Bently and others working under him.
7. **BELFREY** Put on while Bishop Jeter Snow was bishop. Frank Morse did the work.

8. **DOORS and WINDOW** sashes made by Bryce, Elmer and some of the best carpenters.
9. **BELL** Large cast iron brought from Salt Lake.
10. **LAMPS AND Chandeliers** brought from Salt Lake.
11. **ORGAN** Brought from Salt Lake.

The building was not completed when Bishop William Snow died May 7, 1879. The lower story was used for church at that time.

12. **FRONT STEPS** The front steps were put on under the direction of Bishop William Gardner. They were just plain boards for steps and paneling in front.

The steps and banisters, with Newel Posts, were put on when Jeter Snow was bishop.

Chapter 7

THE CHAPEL

In 1866, when the decision was made to move down to the lower town site, there were about twenty five houses in the village plus a school house, which was used for all public gatherings. As soon as the first men moved the others followed in short order. Most of the homes in the Upper Town were either dugouts or very hastily built homes. When they moved to the lower setting, only two of the homes were sufficiently sturdy to be moved. Those two were the sawed log house of George and John Hawley, doubtless much of the material in the older houses such as windows and doors, were usable in the new places that were built. It is interesting, that even though many of the folks needed a home about the worst of anything they could think of, nevertheless, the summer of 1867 was spent largely in building another Church. They previously had a small place in the Upper Town, but now they wanted one they could make more use of and one they could be proud of. William Snow, who had just come into the valley the previous winter was at once chosen by his brother Erastus, who was the Apostle in charge, to be the Bishop of the new Ward, which they just organized. Brigham, Erastus and William had all been born and raised in Vermont, so when it came time to erect a new Church building the one thing that each of them could visualize was a building just like the many that were already not only in Vermont, but all over the New England states. They knew what they wanted, they were surrounded by a wealth of building material, the one thing they lacked was a man to over-see the building of

it. There was no contractor in the group, but they did have Ebenezer Bryce, who everyone knew had been a ship builder before he joined the Church. There was a tendency in the whole Church for family relatives to try to settle close to each other. Bryce's wife was a sister to one of Archibald Gardner's wives, which explained how they were all in the valley together. Ebenezer looked like the most likely possibility for a builder, so they asked him if he thought he could build the Church. It is said, he answered by saying, "If they would be satisfied to have it built like a ship upside down, he would be willing to try it." Everyone agreed.

When the people first came to the valley, the huge gorge just west of the valley, called the "Gulch" was completely filled with great trees that had spent centuries reaching up to get the light. The top of the gorge looked like a lawn, it was so filled. Because of where they had grown, they were especially straight and growing on the stream had helped to make them large. The men were all, by now, experienced lumbermen, they went down and hand picked the trees to go into the building. They cut them down, trimmed them, then hauled them by ox team to the site of the building. They needed first a foundation, but most of the rock was volcanic, in fact some geologists have offered the opinion that the valley itself is the crater of an extinct volcano. For the foundation, huge granite boulders were placed at the corners and at intervals along the sides. Fortunately a deposit of limestone was found in Lloyd Canyon, from which blocks were cut to fill in the spaces between

the granite boulders. The logs used for the bottom layer were fully eighteen to twenty four inches square. They were squared by cutting the four sides off with an adz, then toungeed and grooved together. Very few nails were used anyplace, instead, auger holes an inch or more in diameter were plugged with wooden pins. The logs were taken to some of the saw mills and cut to desired sizes then brought back to the building site. The framework for each of the four sides was laid on the ground and put together with wooden pegs. The work of getting them hoisted into place would surely have needed someone with Bryce's know how. With a series of pulleys and other necessary equipment the sides were hoisted into place and fastened with the auger holes and pins then the corners were wrapped with strips of green rawhide, which when it dried, shrank and held pretty solidly. Every man and boy in town was needed for the erecting process, all the little boys were there to watch. One of them told us, some sixty years later, that each man had a rope ready to pull, but relaxed until Bryce gave the signal. From his experience in ship yards, he had memorized a little rhyme used there. He would repeat it, when he came to a special word it meant "Pull" and all would pull together. The little boys heard it so many times that the rest of their lives they could repeat it.

The rafters for the roof were then put on and braced with huge timbers, ten to twelve inches in diameter. Now they came to a real problem. The house was two and a half stories high, the ground floor was made into two rooms, a small one to the north and one twice as large to the south. These were to be used as school rooms. The second floor was to be the Chapel, since the people knew that they were going to put on dramas and like programs, they put in a stage. The arch over this was a perfect ellipse and was beautiful.

They now wanted the ceiling arched to match this arch, but how to do it? They figured and schemed for a week and likely almost gave it up at times, but they were not

to be defeated. Bryce's ships, naturally, had not had arched ceilings, but they did not give up, someone figured it out. They now took timbers several inches thick, fastened them together until they were long enough to reach from side to side of the room, then with a broad ax (what ever that is?) by hand they shaped them into the arch, fastened them together, then up in the attic built a frame and suspended the ceiling from it. The two arches matched perfectly.

The outside of the building was covered with ship lap, that is, boards a half inch thick, about six inches wide fitted over each other at the edge. Above the front door in this covering they placed a half moon arch to be used for the name of the house.

The inside of the walls were lathed and plastered. Robert Lloyd, who seemed to know how to do everything, built a lime kiln on two different limestone hills and there made plaster. It was not a very good quality, but it served the purpose just the same. Down in St. George was a Brother Burt who was skilled in making beautiful plaster of Paris mouldings. He trained some of the other men there to do it also, so George Jarvis came up and made two beautiful motifs in the ceiling from which the chandeliers were later suspended. He also added a beautiful border over the stage, plus one around the room where the walls and ceiling met. The chandeliers, two brass ones which held four kerosene lamps each, were ordered from New York along with eight brackets to fasten to the window frames to hold more lamps, in all there were sixteen lamps which made the room so light that visitors exclaimed at it's beauty.

The painter who had been called to St. George by Brigham Young was not just the ordinary garden variety of a painter. He was David Milne who was an artist. He painted the woodwork in the Chapel. Two doors that open on to the stage still bear his handiwork and are a joy to see. As the years went by and the room was used for not only Church services, but dances and other recreation as

well, the benches were often pushed up against the wall. The plaster did not hold up well and soon much was broken off. In the early 1900's the plaster was replaced by wainscoting for about four or five feet up from the floor. By this time Brother David Milne was dead, but he left an extremely gifted son, Alex, to replace him. He was hired to come and paint the wainscoting, which is beautiful to this day. At some point in the history slat benches had been made. Alex painted these also which added to the good looks.

As the lumber business and the cattle business went down and down the population also diminished. The young children growing up went away to school and would have loved to come back and settle down, but there was no way to make a living, so they found other occupations and came home only for visits, as a result the Church building was not so much in demand. The bishop was growing older and had but little help in Church responsibility. As a result the shingles grew old, the roof began to leak, and tragedy piled on tragedy, the plaster began to fall and with it the lovely plaster of paris moulding.

In 1918 some of the young men were drafted to go into the Army for World War I, and their friends wanted to have a party for them before they left. Early in the summer a number of the young men met at the Church to make plans. They were unhappy at the looks of the place, as I remember, it was Vera Snow, daughter of the Bishop, who said, "Why can't we do something about it?" We talked it over, she went home and asked the bishop if it would not be possible to have the place replastered. He was evidently happy to have someone give him some help. He said at once that the Church could finance it. The kids were overjoyed and soon after the whole group, armed with rakes, shovels, wrecking bars and what have you, began to pull off the plaster and lath. (I can still smell the plaster dust). It was not long until it was ready for the workmen who had been hired to do the job, Edward

Christian, father of Stella Christian Bleak, came and soon had the work finished, which gave the ward a new lease on life. The plaster was calcimined a light tan color to harmonize with the paint on the woodwork. In the meantime the shingles had been replaced so the place was in fairly good condition for a few more years.

By 1919, the school was closed, so it meant that all the families who had school age children had to move away each winter, most of them went to St. George. The winter of '31 had been a mild one. By March, the ground was dry. On the twenty first of that month, Mace Gardner, one of the most important men and best loved friend and relative, died. There were only about a dozen folks in town at the time, but everyone knew that the word would bring a hundred or more people to the funeral and it would have to be held in the Church, since he would be buried in the local cemetery and the weather would not be a problem as it frequently was. The few people who were in town, plus a few from near by towns, gathered to prepare the building for the funeral. The place was a miserable mess, it had not been used since the previous summer, dust and dirt were everywhere. The plaster on the stage that had never been replaced had fallen in big chunks to the floor. The green curtain in front of the stage was faded and ugly, but they did the best they could.

Mace was unmarried, forty six years old, some of his nine brothers and sisters were scattered too far away to get home, but he was so well known and loved that the building was crowded to capacity for his services.

One girl who was teaching school in Cedar City had been one who arrived early enough to help clean up the chapel. The first of several new chapels that were built in Cedar City had just been finished. It gave her new ideas, so when summer came she contacted the bishop, who was by this time Rass Gardner, a brother of Mace, and asked if something could not be done. He was

enthusiastic and said that the Church would be willing to pay a high percent of the cost if wards wanted to make improvements. It took more than a year or so to get all the arrangements made, but in time, Thomas Cottam a most expert plasterer came to do the work. Again everyone in town came to do what they could. It was summer so everyone was back home, and again the young people, girls as well as boys, came and removed the old plaster from the stage, cleaned up the mess, then ran errands and acted as hod carriers for Thomas. The job he did was so beautiful that now even after forty years it is a pleasure to look at. Then the old green curtain was replaced by a beautiful brown velour, one that harmonized well with the paint on the woodwork. The next summer Bessie Snow contributed eight beautiful big prints of many of the masterpieces of the great religious paintings and placed them around the room between the windows, they added greatly to the sanctity of the room.

As the place became more attractive, it was surprising the effect it had on outside people coming into it. After a time, the population began to increase, a few people had been successful in getting a building lot moved in. Paul McDermmot of Las Vegas was one. He did not belong to the Church, but he came to Sunday School and Church. For several years he left some hundreds of dollars with the bishop, requesting that it be used on the Chapel. Eric and Ruth Snow, who operated Snow's furniture store in St. George, carpeted the floor, then she made charming little drapes to soften the windows. Andrew and Verda Pace installed new shades at all the windows, both upstairs and down, which improved the looks both inside and out.

Long before mobile homes and campers became so popular that many vacationers came in for the summer, a man named Bill Battley from California, brought his family in and spent several summers in Dean Gardner's cabins. When he left that last time, he said to the bishop, "We have so

thoroughly enjoyed our association with the people here, especially the Sunday evening socials, that I would like to leave something here in return." He gave enough money that the bishop purchased three dozen sturdy folding chairs for the recreation room.

At the time the building was being planned, it was customary to hold a prayer meeting each Thursday evening, so they partitioned out a space in the north end of the attic to make a special prayer room. It was not finished at the time, but it was planned to complete it at a later date, about the time they began to make definite arrangements for it, the Bishop William Gardner was called on a mission, so again the work was postponed and finally the plan was given up. For about the next hundred years, it was left unfinished, but by the 1950's many visitors were coming to spend their weekends in the canyon, but came to Sunday School and Church. There was a need for another classroom for Sunday School, so the bishopric contacted David Woodbury, a builder and asked him to do the work. He came, but after looking at how far up it was and how narrow and steep the staircase was, it looked like too much work for what it would be worth, and he persuaded them to take part of the big room on the first floor and make a small room there, which they did.

More years went by, more people came to Church, so there was need for still another classroom. Glenn Snow was made Presiding Elder and the building had become so famous that getting money was no longer a problem. Glenn hired Gordon Beckstrom and George Feller, a builder from St. George to come look the problem over, neither of the men were the kind that gave up easily, so by dint of removing the stair railing temporarily, they succeeded in getting wooden paneling up the stairs and lined the room with it. It proved to be very satisfactory. Up to this time there had been no piped water or electricity in the valley. Pioneer methods had been accepted, but in 1964, the R.E.A. from Beryl came in and

brought the first electricity, so in the ten years that Glenn was in charge great changes were possible. Electric lights were installed. A deep well was drilled, which could supply the first plumbing. Rest rooms long needed, but never supplied, were placed under the steps on either side of the front downstairs door. At this same time the Temple in St. George was being remodeled, the men in charge were happy to give all the used carpet away, so the little prayer room, the stage, and part of the big front school room downstairs were carpeted with this carpet, and enough upholstered chairs to go clear across in front of the stage were placed to seat all the dignitaries.

From lack of water, there had never been any attempt to landscape the grounds, but now trees, shrubs and grass were planted. In the early days a six foot picket fence was built around the entire block, but it had long since disappeared, now after long deliberation it was decided to put a low fence just around the building itself. This was done with the help of some of the Priesthood Quorums from the whole Stake. Laurence Rosenbruch, one of the caretakers from Dixie College, secured and had a new liberty pole placed out in front of the building.

The little prayer room was used for a class room, but also with the assistance of Bessie Snow, it was made into a small museum where some of the first furniture in the valley was stored; pictures of all the bishops and the first important pioneers were placed around the walls.

In the summer of 1979, Bessie, much interested in history, had the little north school room, which had fallen into disrepair, redecorated and put into first class shape.

From the beginning, the problem of heat had been a major one. A huge brick chimney was built on the north end of the building going from the ground to a foot or so above

the comb of the roof. In the little north room, a huge fireplace was placed and in the first years before the upstairs was completed, it was used to warm the place so church services could be held there. Later when the place was used as a school room, a big box heating stove was placed there and was surprisingly efficient. In the big school room another much larger stove was placed, the pipe had to go up from the stove several feet then turned and dozens of lengths of stove pipe was run clear through the partition wall into the little room then on into the chimney. Sometimes this running horizontally for so many feet would get stuffed up with soot, then someone would get an armful of straw, set it afire and burn the soot out. This sometimes made an unexpected, but welcome holiday for the students.

Upstairs, another small wood stove was placed on the stage to warm it for the Sunday School classes held there. The pipe was also run into the same brick chimney. In the chapel itself, there was a huge stove near six feet long, four feet high, which would hold huge logs and make a fire that would make a pretty comfortable room. On this was placed some hundred or more lengths of stove pipe, that went up through the ceiling and on out through the roof. To protect the ceiling from heat, there was placed a stoneware circle some inches deep. Among the St. George settlers was a Brother Eardley, whose occupation was that of a stoneware maker. He either made a hollow circle for them or they took one of his jars and cut the bottom out of it. To this day, it is there to catch the eye.

When the place was wired for electricity, a number of electric heaters were bought and placed around the room, but they do not give sufficient heat for comfort, as a result the place can be used only in warm weather.

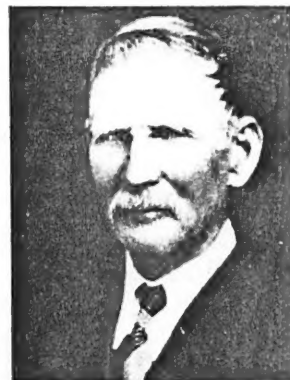
THE MARRIAGES



John A. Gardner



Reuben Gardner



Royal J. Gardner



Celestia Snow Gardner



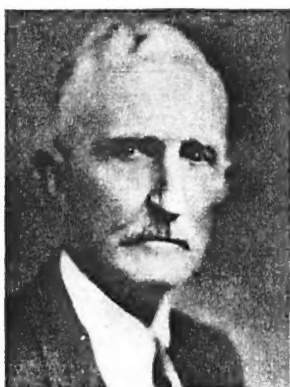
Lucy Snow Gardner



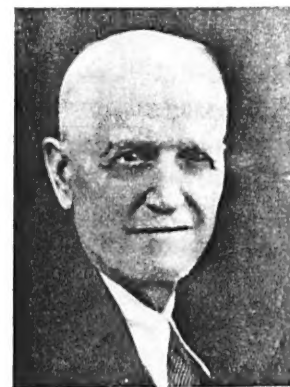
Chloe Snow Gardner



Robert B. Gardner



Hyrum Ozro Gardner



Jeter Snow



Bernella Snow Gardner



Maryetta Snow Gardner



Mary Alice Gardner Snow